

THE 116aa 19
ART
OF
LOVE:
In Two Books
Dedicated to the LADIES.
A
POEM.

The Second Edition Enlarged.

By Mr. Charles Hopkins. K

Author of a Tragedy called Boadicea Queen,
of Brittain.

Me Venus Artificem tenero præfecit Amori.—

*Quò me finxit Amor, quò me violentius Ussit;
Hoc melior facti vulneris ultor ero.—*

L O N D O N: Printed for R. Wellington, at the Dolphin
and Crown at the West-end of St. Paul's Church-yard:
1704.



THE
EPISTLE DEDICATORY,
To the Right Honourable
EVELIN
EARL OF
KINGSTON.

My LORD,

THE deserving Patron reads
the Dedication with a Caution,
as curious, as the modest Poet
feels when writing it; both equally
afraid of any Thing, that looks like
A 3 Flatt'ry.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Flatt'ry. But Your Lordship may be,
(at present) as easie in a Poet, as
I am happy in a Patron; You are a-
bove it; and I think, I need take no
great Pains to Vindicate the Assertion,
since I shall make it my business in
this Address, to convince Your Lord-
ship, that 'tis below ev'n me. Nor
will I, with industrious Art, couch
Flatt'ry under the pretence of dis-
avowing it. I would not apply to any
Person, whom I believe not every way
Noble; I am a Stranger to Your Lord-
ship, I mean, so far a Stranger, as on-
ly to know Your Lordship by the
Opinion of the World, and by the
Character, Mankind has given you:
Why should I then run out on your
Encomiums, and only Eccho to the
World, what I first hear'd from them?
All that becomes me to say at pre-
sent, is, that I agree with the Uni-
versal Consent of either Sex, and make
one to fill the Train of your Admi-
rers.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

rers. To whom can I more fitly present the *Art of Love*, than to Your Lordship? You are the Lover in all the several Scenes of Life, the Courtier, the Husband, and the Widdower: you were the Lover of your Wife, you lov'd beyond the Fashion, you lov'd her tho' your Wife, you were the Lover of your Wife, and are the Lover of your Children. So fond you are of those young Pledges of your Nuptial Friendship; you seem the admiring Courtier of them, you seem wedded to them, you seem the *very Father of Love* it self. Hence 'tis, that this Book, the Child of Love, flies to Your Lordship for Protection. 'Tis an Original, not Copied after *Ovid*; for *Ovid's* Book indeed cannot be properly said with modesty, to be the *Art of Love*. Where his Precepts are virtuous, as they fall in naturally to the purpose, I could not well avoid them; for every Man

The Epistle Dedicatory.

that Loves, runs fondly, (I may say without Thought almost,) on the same amorous Expressions. How far I have Succeeded in the Attempt, Your Lordship can best Judge, who are the greatest Master in all the Noble Innocence of generous Gallantries; Your Approbation of it will sufficiently recommend it to the Fair, and Crown with Success the Wishes of

My Lord,

Your Lordship's very Humble

and Obedient Servant.

Charles Hopkins.

THE

THE PREFACE.

THE Bookseller has prevail'd on me, to Write something by way of Preface, with which I should not otherwise have troubled the Reader, or my self.

When the Title of this Poem is read, 'twill, doubtless, be concluded that 'tis a Translation of Ovid De arte Amandi, but in my Opinion, Ovid's Book De arte Amandi cannot justly be English'd into The Art of Love; 'tis rather the Art of something else. His Poem, I am positive, cannot be Modestly, and, Literally

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rally Translated. He has taken such liberty with the Roman Ladies, as I am sure, the most Airy of our English Ladies would blush to allow.

Cupid may be drawn, he's but a Child; he has been drawn, but always Blind; the Poets thought not fit, to give him Eyes, lest he should see the Nakedness of his Mother's Beauty. Venus is always painted Naked, and therefore Venus should not be painted.

That there are greater Masters in Poetry than I, must be confest, I acknowledge it here, and all I write confesses it; but that there are greater Masters in Love, I will not easily allow. He, who has serv'd his Time to a Trade, in all probability has had the best Opportunities of understanding the Crafts, which may be practicable in it; and he who has the greatest Stock, when he sets up,
is

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is capable of making the greatest Advantage.

Now half my Life I have been bound to Love, and I have serv'd a rigid Mistress faithfully, too faithfully ever to have made Advantage in her Service. O what a load of Love have I upon my Hands, upon my Heart! My Liberty seems now to me the greatest Bondage; for I can never perfectly grow free from my first Slavery, unless it could be possible, that I could serve again. Thus, from the Art of Love, I wander insensibly into the Nature of it; And, I may hence infer, that should I ever endeavour again to Love (for sure I must endeavour it, if e're I do) Amasia's Memory would still be dearer to my Soul, than any other living Charmer.

To make some Application of this natural digression, to my present purpose, I shall confess, without a Blush, I have lov'd

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lov'd indeed, lov'd with all the Fondness, and with all the Passion, that any Poet can Express. Why should I be asham'd of what was unavoidable? The Folly seiz'd me Young, and Love and Poetry grew up together. But I'll neither prefix the time, nor oblige my self to the continuance of either, by making Vows to the contrary: Lovers and Poets keep equally their Resolutions; or good or ill Success sets them on edge again. To Love I owe Poetry, to Poetry all the Misfortunes of my Life.

I Lov'd—that brings me again to what I have left already twice unmention'd where I had design'd it; I lov'd—I felt all I writ, and thence conclude, I have writ naturally on the Subject, if naturally where I talk of my own Passion, then may I hope too, I have writ Artificially on others, for to others I have Copied out my own Original. I have felt Love, and I think, he who has felt
felt

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felt it, can best teach others how to feign it. I am positive, he who never felt it, can never Feign it well, can never grow Naturally Artificial in it. He, who never knew what Gold was, can never gild a Counterfeit. Pigmalion, doubtless, had been in Love, or he had never frain'd his Maid of Iv'ry; my fancy has not been unlike Pigmalion's, for my Amasia is my Iv'ry Maid. O happy Artist! But I shall ne're be the Pigmalion here. His Art was the Reverse of mine; his Statue grew a perfect Woman; his Art was the Cause of very Nature, but mine is the Effect.

*But to return to Ovid; Ovid is my Friend, my Favourite, I admire him in his way of Writing, as much as I can any Author; I admire him, and I love him, but still my Passion for him is like the blushing, vertuous Virgin's for her Lover, and I must quarrel with him when
be*

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he grows too free in his familiarity: He is here and there loose in all his Writings, but the very Design of his Poem call'd *De arte Amandi* is not only loose, but lew'd. Some Precepts there are Modest in't, 'tis true; for what Man can at all times play the Libertine? Where they are so, I have sometimes imitated him, and as far as Modesty allows, I may say, with Modesty, my Poem is Ovidian. 'T will not be kind in me to Attribute the Misfortune of his Banishment to the looseness of his Writings, tho' in one of the Elegies of his *De Tristibus* inscrib'd to Cæsar, he seems to imagine, That the Cause; (I say imagine, for, to me he seems not to have been fully satisfy'd in the Cause of it himself.) Nor would it look friendly in me to recite some of the loosest of his Lines; I shall content my self at present, (since 'tis my business to prove him immodest in his Poem of *Amandi*) only with a Verse or two, where he speaks of his own Work. Before he enters on his Precepts, he says——

Este

The P R E F A C E.

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Este procul vittæ tenues, insigne pudoris,
Quæque tegis medios, instituta longa,
pedes.

herein he plainly says, that Modesty has nothing to do in his Art, and that those, who are Chast must shun it. By this Advice, and the Confession in the following Line.—

Nos venerem tutam, concessaque Furta
canemus.

he seems to own himself a Criminal; but when he Wrttes de Remedio Amoris, he does not only confess, but he seems to boast of his Crime.—

Thais in arte mea est: Lascivia libera
nostra est:

Nil mihi cam vitta est: Thais in arte
mea est.

*all I have said, amounts to only this; if any modest Man attempts to translate Ovid de
arte*

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arte Amandi, he must both alter and omit, if he would still be thought a modest Man ; and when he has done so, the Poem will be his, not Ovid's. if iterally he translates him , and makes him Chast, let his next Undertaking be to wash an Æthiopian.

This Poem, I have ventur'd to call The Art of Love, if it Succeeds, 'twill be necessary the Remedy should follow.

Achilles Lance can Cure as well as Wound.

~~THE~~
T H E

TO THE
AUTHOR
ON HIS
ART of LOVE.

IF Numbers can immortalize a Name,
And to descending Times transmit the
(Poet's Fame.
Then happy Youth! Thy sweet, harmonious
(Lays,

Fix the Foundations of a lasting Praise.
Thou, Loves Physician! Thou can'st best impart,
The Sov'raign Balm to Cure the bleeding Heart.
Of Love's Mæanders with such skill you Write,
Sure Cupid's wings sustain'd your Muse's Flight.
If Transmigration, more than fancy be,
The Soul of Ovid is transfus'd in thee.
Love was a Lab'rynth, like the Cretan Make,
Its Paths untrod, a Wilderness its Ware;
Till Araidne's kind conducting Clue,
Your Muse, disclos'd it; Love's best Theseus You.

What

What Gallus, nor Propertius could express,
 What greater Ovid touch'd with ill Success,
 With lustre sparkles in an English Dress.
 No Thoughts unchast thy melting Muse affords,
 But charming Sense drest in as charming Words.
 The British Maids shall read thy Verse and smile,
 Imploring Venus to reward the toyl
 Of thee, the soft Columbus of her Isle.
 Whilst Cytharea on Love's Throne shall sit,
 Whilst Phæbus Reigns the Lawrell'd God of Wit.
 Envy nor Time shall blast what you have writ.
 Let Dryden, Prince of all, in Satyr Reign,
 Let Congreve Charm, with his rich, Comick Vein,
 Love be thy Charge, do thou Love's Cause maintain.

A. S.

To the Author, on his Art of Love.

'TIS Art, all Art; yet 'tis all Nature too!
 What wonders cannot Love and Fancy do?
 Thy Muse ha's made each slighted Youth
 (amends,
 And shews that Wit and Chastity are Friends;
 Venus, as Gay as when by Paris seen,
 She Paint's; She Paint's her Love's and Beautie's
 (Queen,
 Yet with a modest Air, and with a Virgin Mein:
 She

*She Paint's her like Diana in the Chase,
 With Chastity triumphant seated in her Face.
 With Charms like those Amasia ha's put on
 Only, She Paint's her, that She may be Won.
 Who reads your Verse, must wonder and approve;
 Your Lines are modest, yet your Subject, Love.
 With Charms so Chast your Numbers are endu'd,
 (For you teach others as your self has Woo'd,)
 'Tis pity any Poet should be Lewd.
 Such charming Laws on Love-sick Yonths you lay,
 That all, who wou'd be Happy, must Obey.
 Soft as Amasia's Bosom is thy Song,
 And in its flowing Tides it bears our Souls along.
 With Wings untir'd, thy soaring Cupid flies,
 With ease he mount's, and does with Pleasure rise.
 May conquer'd Beauty be the Poets Spoil,
 And Woman, glorious Woman, Crown thy Toyl.*

P. M.

To The Ingenious **AUTHOR**, of the
Art of Love.

Nature has often Play'd the Artist's Part,
 But ne're was Nature so display'd by Art.
 Never before was Woman naked shown,
 Yet modest still, as when with Garments on.
 Such Pleasure we in your soft Rules discern,
 Instruction Charms, 'tis ravishment to learn.

'Tis

'Tis such Delight to read your Numbers o're,
We think the Practice scarce can give us more.
By thee the Bleeding Love-sick Youth is shown,
To make the scornful, haughty Fair his own.
The tender Maid, taught by thy charming Pen,
May scape the Wiles, of false Designing Men.
The Virgin's taught to Love, the Youth to Wooe;
At once you Ravish and Instruct us too.

Each Sex must own, to make a just return,
Thou, charming Youth, wert Britain's Ovid born.

C. L.

THE
ART
OF
LOVE.

LET *Lovers* now bless their perplexing
(Chains,
L And smile serenely in their anxious Pains;
No weight henceforth their am'rous Bands shall bear;
But they shall choofe what Fetters, They will wear;
I by my Art shall set their Passions free,
The God of Love shall have his Eyes from me;
All shall Success from these my Precepts find,
Nor Love, nor Lovers shall continue blind.

Whilst like the Sun in my high Sphere I move,
 And Lighten all the World with Rays of Love.
Ovid for Aid, did to bright *Venus* run,

(For *Rome* was her's, since founded by her Son)
 The Queen of Love that Artful Swain did chuse ;
 His Writings more than prove his charming Muse :
 I for my Succours to *Bellinda* fly,

My *Venus*, She, and Loves new *Ovid*, I.

Typhis, for Steering Ships vast Honours claim'd,
 For Chariots swift *Automedon* was fam'd.

Whilst I with skill guide *Cupid*, I shall prove.

The *Typhis*, the *Automedon* of Love.

Dear purchas'd Knowledge I shall here impart,

And what I know by Nature, teach by Art,

I on my self have practis'd, and can tell,

By my own ills, how to make others well.

Let all observe my precepts, and Commands.

I'll bind the God in his own am'rous Bands.

The Poet's Ambition.

WELL may great *Dryden* lasting Fame receive.

Tis all the dull, ingrateful World can give.

His high rais'd Works shall thro' all Ages stand,

The noblest Fabrick in the *Muses* Land.

Beauty and Strength at once his Buildings show,

Above delightful, and secure below,

The Sweet tongu'd *Congreve* with successful Pow'r's;

On strong Foundations builds Immortal Tow'r's.

Long as his mighty Monarch may he fly,

And spread as wide, since he has Soard as high.

Let Sacred *Dryden's* Laurel Crown his Head,

Whilst I beneath 'em sit, and see them spread;

The Lover only seeks the peaceful Shade.

Nor Wit, nor Pow'r, nor Fame to me are Charms,

I scorn all Wreaths, but my *Amasia's* Arms.

No proud Ambition does my Spirit move,
 I only Covet Praise, to purchase Love.
 Not that my Name should deathless Honours find,
 —Forget me all; make but Amasia kind,
 Me shall the Swains young *Cupid's* Master see,
 And If he's blind, he shall be led by me.
 Thus whilst I teach the World experienc'd Things,
 The Flames of Love shall be my *Muse's* Wings.

Elective Love.

FIRST, tender Youth, who Beauty's Charms
 (adore,
 Chuse one alone to Love, and wish no more.
 That am'rous Swain can feel no real Fires,
 Who at first sight, each Face he sees, admires.
 You may perhaps my skilful Rules abuse
 And think I err, because I bid you chuse,

'Tis our Free-Will does our desires Improve,

And raises liking to the height of Love.

An Infant Passion by one glance may rise,

But if not nourisht by Consent, it dyes.

You must some time, to find a Mistress rove,

She won't Descend from the bright Skies above.

And like a gaudy Meteor, Court thy Love.

If when you meet her, she be truly fair,

She will reward your utmost Pains and Care.

Blest were that Youth, who with my Eyes could see,

Whose Mistress might like my *Amasia* be,

arms
lore, Kinder than her, but yet all Charms as she.

Well, 'tis enough, if she be fair believ'd,

Tho' you your self, are by your self deceiv'd,

Sweet is the cheat, and thence true Joys may flow,

For he that thinks he's blest is surely so.

London abounds with Virgins brightly Fair,
 Such Crouds of Beauty in its Streets appear,
 As if the Charms of the whole World were there.

Plays.

FRequent the Theatre, you there may find,
 Some beauteous Charmer to allure your Mind
 While on the Stage the feigning Lover dyes,
 You may feel real Wounds from bright victorious Eyes.
Romulus Twas Invented Plays at *Rome*,
 With those allur'd, the Sabine Virgins come.
 They Seem'd transported with the study'd Toys,
 But with their freedom pay'd the Short-lived joys.
 Seiz'd by the *Roman* Youth, they rashly tear
 Their beauteous Faces, rend their lovely Hair,
 And on themselves Revenge the wrongs they bear.

With

With fruitless Shrieks the Neighb'ring Air they
 (wound,
 From Groves and pitying Rocks their Cries rebound,
 The rougher Men, unmov'd, resist the sound.
 E're since that time all Theatres remain,
 Renown'd for killing Eyes, and Lovers slain.
 Place your self there, close by the charming Maid,
 To her let all your Services be paid.
 With transient Words you may begin Discourse,
 Obliging always, offer nought by force.
 If the Dust chance to fall upon her Gown,
 Be sure, be ready still to shake it down.
 Neglect not this, this may be worth your while,
 Perhaps she thanks you, and returns a smile.
 Such little Offices must needs be done,
 You may Pretend Dust fall'n, tho' there's none.
 Or if her Train hang loosely on the floor,
 Do thou the Train to her fair Hands restore,
 Be careful to, and your best Service lend,
 Least ruder Knees her tender Sides offend.

Such little Things as these make way for Love,
And Courtly done can never fail to move.

Th Fair, soft Sex will such attendance cost,
Not Words, but Actions wooe the Virgin most.

*Observe my Rules, drawn from experienc'd Skill,
And go on Conquering and to Conquer still.*

Rally the Masks, who nigh the Charmer sit.
And so, divert her with Satyrick Wit.
Be cautious here ; for Theatres are full
Of empty Fops, Conceited, Lohd, and Dull,
If with quick Wit you can't the Hours beguile,
At least show humour, and when silent, smile,
With a mild Air, an awful Homage shew,
Look fondly at her, and then smile anew.
Submit to her, still in Submission brave ;
Maids hate the low, obsequious, cringing Slave.
Women are gaind by little, taking Wiles ;
Play with her Fan, and ask her why she Smiles ;

Soon may that Toy, thus us'd, inflame her more,
 Than e'er it cold her, with its Blasts befo e.

Feasts.

AT publick Feasts oft charming Beauties shine,
 There may the Youth be warm'd with more
 (than Wine
 Wine heightens Courage, Wine inflames desire,
 And joyned with Love is pouring Oyl on fire.

Gardens.

FRequent fair Gardens, and delightful Groves,
 To revel there the wanton Cupid Loves.
 There all the flow'rs in gaudy bloom appear,
 Fond, infant Love shall spring, and flourish there.
 Here, Nature all her sweetest sweets imparts,
 Here Nature flourishes, here flourish arts.

Here,

Here, every fragrant blossom feels new bloom,
 And Beauty's self fresh beauties does assume.

Cupid the Wanderer.

Cupid, once wandering thro' fair Gardens,
 (found.
 A Hive of Bees, and hurl'd it to the ground.
 Whilst the waxd walls he hastens to destroy,
 The wing'd assailants buzz about the Boy.
 As now to spoyl their City he prepares.
 He claps his own glad Wings, and laughs at theirs.
 Drawing his shafts, he dips them in, and tastes,
 And to the golden plunder, ravish'd, hasts.
 Claps now, o're joy'd his little silver Wings,
 Down by the hive, his darts, and quiver flings,
 Disarm'd himself of his own fatal stings.
 Now with his little hands he's busy'd more,
 To plunder thence the sweet, the luscious store,
 Then all the Bees, when hoarding it before.

Now

Now more and more by his success grown bold.

He breaks their forts, and ravishes their Gold.

But as he thus their Citadel confounds,

The raging foes buzz with redoubled sounds,

And warring at the Boy, fix deep their wounds.

Now fiercely bold, with pointed Stings they fly,

And will revenge, tho' in revenging dye ;

Raging aloud they all proclaim their wrong,

With vexing murmurs, as themselves were stung.

Their noisy wings their furious wars declare,

Their wings both whet, and urge the spears they bear,

Incens'd they view the ruins of their Town,

And like brave Citizens, when desp'rate grown,

Charge him with shafts, unerring as his own.

The wounded Boy, swift as his Arrows, flies,

With blubber'd cheeks, and to his Mother cries ;

For Love himself has ever weeping eyes.

Before

Before her stands with honey dropping wings,
 His little hands in sad complaints he wrings,
 And sobbing, shews her, here, and there, the stings.
 No balmy tears will the fair Queen allow,
 Asks what fierce foes had wounded him, and how;
 Then tells him, such another wasp art thou.
 Hence, *Cupid* fiercest is in Gardens found,
 And to revenge his wounds, seeks there to wound.
 From blooming Maids he gathers am'rous pow'rs.
 As Bees draw Honey from the blooming flowers,
 Seeking sweet Love, we, like the Boy grow blind,
 And feel the sting, as we the Honey find.
 Tho' dipt in Honey Maids his Arrows meet,
 Sweet as they are, yet they are sharp, as sweet.
 Sadly may *Sylvius* of his Arrows sing,
 Deep in my Breast rages their tort'ring sting.

The Vision.

Young, Infant Love is in fair Gardens nurs'd,
Amasia charm'd me in fair Gardens first.

Roving thro' flow'ry Gardens, fragrant Bow'rs,
 I first beheld her on a Bed of Flow'rs.

All ore surpris'd, all ravish'd with the view,

Soft, Infant sighs with painful risings flew,

My Blood thrill'd quick, and light'nings pierc'd
 (me thro')

My panting Heart did with short tremblings move,
 In all the longing Agonies of Love.

Her blooming Beauties did my wonder raise,

The more I gaz'd, the more I wish'd to gaze.

I gaz'd, and sigh'd, then, sighing gaz'd again,

And was at once all extasie, and pain,

Methinks, I see her, as she then was lay'd,

With careless Charms on the enameled Bed.

Her

Her fragrant breath perfum'd the Neighb'ring air,
 And all the Flow'rs spread more than usual fair.
 With her loose Robes did wanton *Zephirs* play,
 And flew in whistlings, as if pleas'd, away.
 One Snowy Hand did in her Bosom lye,
 The other thrown, as if neglected, by ;
 On that she lean'd her Head in soft repose,
 While her dear Breasts with swelling motions rose.
 At awful distance I did wondring stand,
 Ere I approach'd to kiss her Beauteous Hand.
 Softly I mov'd to the Celestial Maid,
 As if not she, but I the Thief, had play'd.
 Gently I kneel'd, afraid to wake the fair,
 And view'd the many charms of Beauty there.
 My courage quite forsook my sickly Soul,
 And hopes and fears alternatly did rowl.
 Thro' tedious strugglings of my thoughts I broke,
 And kiss'd her Hand, before she yet awoke.

Thus, with short tremblings still I fondly prest,
 And kiss'd, and sigh'd, and then again I kiss'd.
 Assaults too fierce at last my flames did make,
 Too much I Lov'd her, now too soon awake.
 In haste the frightened Virgin trembling rose,
 Nor look'd behind, fled me, and fled repose.
 Silent I stood, and saw her haste away,
 No power was left me, but the power to stay,
 And fall all ravish'd, where the charmer lay.

Baths and Wells.

TO the fam'd Baths, or *Tunbridge* Wells
 (retreat,
 Where Beauty fires more than the scorching heat.
 Beauty's bright beams ore all their waters play,
 Radiant as those which light the glowing day.
Venus at first rose from the Oceans tides,
 From floods she rose, and still ore floods presides.

The

The Sea, 'tis said, produc'd one beauteous Queen,
 But at *these Springs* there are a thousand seen.
 He, who *Diana* naked had descryd,
 And for the undesigned Surprisal dy'd.
 Here less severe bright Deities appear,
 You gaze secure from sprinkled sources here.
 Safe from *Aëdon's* fate you may retire,
 From fatal waters safe, expos'd to fire.
 Whilst in the Youth his growing passion reigns,
 Falsly those Baths he charges with his pains.
 The Swain no cause of his distemper knows,
 Thinks not that Love along those Fountains flows.
 The racking pangs fond wishing Souls endure,
 Those Medicinal Watters cannot cure.
 There Beauty gathers from those Springs new Rays,
 Like *Sol* made brighter rising from the Seas.
 Strange! that fierce Fires proceed from Chilling
 (Streams,
 And Waters kindle, which should quench our Flames!

In vain from Conquering, killing Charms we turn,
Where are we safe, if Springs have power to burn?

There are a thousand places where to meet ;

The Park, the Mall, or in the open Street.

None lives Recluse, who are but fancy'd fair,

Beauty's a Goddess, that reigns every where.

So vast her train, which all retirements flee,

That if you would not Love, you must not see.

Beauty.

IN *British* Maids all sparkling glories smile,
Beauty, the plenteous product of our Isle.

Not her own *Paphos*, could Love's Queen detain,

In *Britain* now do's *Cytharea* Reign.

Like *Albion's* Cliffs faire are her Daughters born,

Num'rous, as Waves, by which those Cliffs are torn.

Albion, her self, whom all her floods obey,

Appears the Rising *Venus* of the Sea.

C

Such

Such Charms this Isle do's to her race dispenſe,
 That half the World may be ſupply'd from hence,
 Thrice happy *Albion* ! in thy Off-ſpring bleſt,
 Faireſt of all the Univerſe Confeſt.

The Univerſe thy Conquering Charms approve,
 Thy Men for Valour, and thy Maids for Love.

Venus in *Albion* claims a right to dwell,
Albion in Arms do's the whole World excell.

Drawn by her Swans, along the *Thames* ſhe glides;
 Where ſhould ſhe dwell, but where her *Mars* reſides
 (fides

The Britiſh Venus.

BOld, bravely fierce glows each great Hero
 (Bre

But *Naffaw's* Soul ſurpaſſes all the reſt.

Thus, every Radiant *Britiſh* Beauty warms ;
 Yet ſtill beyond the reſt bright *Grafton* Charms,
 She ſtrikes all Eyes, all Senſes ſhe alarms.

Every bright Goddess do's Immortal shine,
 Some less, some more, yet they are all Divine.
Juno and *Pallas* have Illustrious Eyes,
 Yet there's a *Venus* still——
 Transcendent *Venus* must receive the prize.
 The prize above let *Cytharea* bear,
 Here *Grafton* claims: The *Cytharea* here.

Albion's fair Daughters are the Warriour's prize;
 Bright as the Hero's Swords, the Virgin's Eyes.
 Those Conquering Chiefs, -who triumph'd in the
 (Fields
 To these far more Victorious Beauties yield.
 Dangers and Death in dusty Plains are found,
 But *Cupid* striks as with a surer Wound.
 Who can resist, when *British* Nymphs engage?
 Love always Conquers, when his Wars they wage.

Let Neighb'ring Nations dread our Isle's allarms,
 All must surrender, when soft Beauty Charms,
 Beauty shall Edge our Swords, and Point our Arms }
 Beauty ! which every Noble Act inspires,
 Beauty ! which Poets, and their Heroes fires.
 Beauty ! which stirs the Martial Soul to Fight,
 Beauty ! which moves the Artless Swain to write.
 To those I Sing, those who have born the Shield,
 Those, who have fought, and vanquish'd in the }
 (Field, }
 Those would I teach how to make Beauty yield. }
 Love is a kind of Warfare, and a Maid,
 Like a strong fort you must by Art Invade ;
 Pitch then : Let me, your Gen'ral, be Obey'd. }
 Pitch here your Tents ; as I direct, begin,
 Lay but close Siege, and be assur'd to win.

Already

Already told where the bright Nymphs repair,
Inform'd already where to find the fair;

Let me advise, with awful Homage bow,
And you, who us'd to Storm, Surrender now.

Methinks I hear the blustering Souldier Swear,

"I now may seize her, shall I now forbear?

"If Maids, like Towns besieg'd, are to be won,

"What hinders? Now I'll storm, and sack the Town

"Must I Surrender, Captive to my Foe?

"Are these your precepts, shall I Conquer so?

If Maids by force alone were to be gain'd,

Experienc'd Warriours need not now be train'd.

The Shafts of Love fly not like those of War,

Soft are the Plumes, which bear his Arrows far.

Women, like *Troy*, resist the VVarlike Field.

But *Troy*, it self, to Stratagems must yield.

Thus, whilst in show no Hostile Arms you bear,

Thus, as the *Greeks* did *Troy*, o'ecome the fair.

This one Important Resolution hold,

Be bold, but yet, be very humbly bold,

Had I been bold, I had successful prov'd,

But ah! too true, too tenderly I Lov'd.

VVhere Strength alone, or where soft Pray'rs
(may fail,

Together joyn'd they must, they will prevail.

Entreat admission, but the Guards suppress,

Disdain and Pride. Guards to the Female Breast,

Conquer by force, by force maintain the rest.

Force, Grateful force the Charming Sex beguiles,

By wiles deceiving those, who practice wiles ;

Thus, Beauty VVounds the most, when most it
(Smiles.

Mistake not, Hero, here the Poet's aim,

My airy Songs are but a Lambent Flame,

Chast is my Art, that fans the Virgin Fires,

Chast, like *Amasia*, who my Song inspires.

Verse, Sacred Verse, like *Phabus* beamy Rays,

May kindle Vestals to a Lambent blaze.

I teach Besiegers Beauteous Town to win,
 But not to Plunder, when they enter in.
 Warriours, who spoyl those Cities they obtain,
 May quickly loose, what, by long Siege, they gain.
 Towns, which on terms, Surrender to your Pow'r,
 Still in their own maintain the strongest Tow'r,
 Insulted Forts their Forces will exert,
 And Maids, entreated ill, preserve their Heart.
Observe my Rules, drawn from experienc'd skill,
And Conquering gently, you shall Conquer still.
 Small, trivial favours, are like Out works,
 (won. }
 You must, by gentle usage, gain the Town,
 Remember, *Cupid* Flyes with Wings of Down. }
 Force I prescribe, but such as suits the fair,
 Feathers require not Storms, they rise with Air.
 Sighs, like a gentle breeze, fan Am'rous Fires,
 But with rude blasts Love's kindled Torch expires.

That force prescrib'd, which in my Laws you find,
Is not the force of Arms, but force of Mind.

My Muse delights to glide in purest Streams,
Those Swans, which draw my *Venus*, Wing'd
 (with Flames,
Move their soft course, like those on Silver
 (*Thames*.

Like Wanton *Ovid* I forbear to Rove.

I Sing of Virgins, and of Virgin Love.

His Muse, like *Icarus* unbounded Flyes,
And with Wax'd Plumes, Soars, and Insults the
 (Skies.

Wantons, like him with pure, Celestial Air,
Attempting Flights, which she wants Wings to bear.

No Swain so sweet of Love's soft Passion Sings,
But here, on purpose, he has Wax'd his Wings.

Tow'ring too high, soon as he strikes the Clouds,
Wildly he falls, Drowned in the rowling Floods.

With Chaster purpose my rules are laid;

He Charm'd the *Roman*, I the *British* Maid.

Re-

Resolution.

A Gain be bold, I urge this precept still,
 For, without confidence, you dash my skill,
 Be but assur'd that you shall gain, you will.

Let then your soft Addresses be begun,

And Build on this — all Women may be won.

The Coyest Nymph, she, who disdains the most,

When once she knows how dear her Scorn has
 (cost,

Pity's the Youth, by her ill usage lost.

By secret shifts his Visits, would restore,

And now would grant, would he but now Adore,

Maids will deny, who more than Men desire.

Affecting Coldness most, when most on Fire.

Here must I now unpractiz'd precepts teach,

Prescribe you Flights my self could never teach.

Dis.

Diffimulation.

Like them, dissemble, while you fiercest burn.
 Fond of their Love, yet seem to slight their
 (Scorn,
 Could I have put a loose indiff'rence on,
Amasia's Self I might at last have won.
 But she too deep had fixt my Ravisht Heart,
 My Love was Nature, but let yours be Art.
 Where Ten Years Seige, and force continu'd fail'd,
 A seeming Flight, a feign'd Despair prevail'd,
 The subtle Sex seems ty'd to such restraint,
 That each Denyal is in part a Grant.
 To understand some things by Woman said,
 Her Words, like *Hebrew*, must be backwards read.
 Sometimes, like Heathen Oracles of Old,
 In odd, Ambiguous terms their Minds are told.

So that those truths they seem to have reveal'd,

By such relation are the more conceal'd.

In secret intricacies all perplex,

With doubtful thoughts, and various notions

(next,

You think all true this moment, false the next.

Remember this, and be this truth believ'd,

He, who knows VWoman best, may be deceiv'd.

In Infant times, the Sex was once betray'd;

By subtle wiles, and close devices lay'd,

The Cunning Serpent had deceiv'd the Maid.

Now every Fair has his deceits discern'd,

His Artful turns, and all his windings learn'd.

Secret from them he has reserv'd no wile,

VWoman could now the Serpent's self beguile.

Now with joyn'd Pow'rs she can the VWorld de-

(ceive,

At once she's both the Serpent, and the Eve.

Believe them not, trust not the Gawdy Snare,

For every Maid is false, as she is fair.

The

The more deceit the inward VWoman bears,
 The more the Varnish in her Face appears.
 False as they are, seem not at all to doubt,
 Dissembling Ignorance, you trace them out.
 Could they be true, yet false believe them still,
 VWhere ill may come, stand guarded from the ill.
 Let your Addresses still these colours bear,
 Excessive Love, faint hopes, and doubting fear,
 And let her sometimes think you quite despair,
 Interpret all in the severest Sense,
 But chuse your self the softest meaning thence.
 Of her unkindness to the Nymph complain;
 VWhatever sound bears a more pleasing strain,
 Seem not to hear, and beg that breath again.
 Hence mighty Pleasures flow, hence Joys improve
 And hence arises sweet endearing Love.
 Charge her Remember what she kindly said,
 And seem all Ravish't with the Charming Maid.
 Now is the time to press her Hands, and Vow,
 Now is the time, urge fast your Conquests now.

Sigh

Sigh sadly oft, with gentle strugglings start.

As if against your will she seiz'd your Heart.

Oft tho' you sigh, your breath must smother'd rise,

Believe me, Youth, there is an Art in sighs.

Doubt not, thus smother'd they will reach her Ear,

She hears them all, but will not seem to hear.

Let your heav'd Breast raise but imperfect sounds,

Thence she infers how inwardly she VVounds.

Love is a Passion, and were words may fail,

The inward workings of the Soul prevail.

The Soul's distraction best her truth assures,

From that she thinks you her's and thence grows
(yours.

Maids, like young Conjurers, that Charm have rais'd:

That spright, fond Love, by which themselves are
(seiz'd.

He, who to Maids dissembles must excel,

You cheat your self, if you perform not well.

'Tis not enough you can two Faces shew,

Both wear the Mask, and seem to want it too.

Let

Let all be plausible whate're you tell,

Tis no deceit if you deceive her well.

VVhen at a loss sometimes for Am'rous lies,

The naked truth may be the best disguise.

So, by the Nymph, who had but now comply'd,

And spoke kind words, those words are now deny'd

As in this Breath she utter'd truth, the next

With double Errours has that truth perplex'd.

As you would have her mean, interpret so,

Unwary truth will in soft Passion Flow.

Regard not, Youth, what she shall now deny,

But cut that Gordian Knot you can't untie.

Perhaps, thro' modest, bashful Virgin fears,

She, crys, that Speech a double meaning bears,

Or at the most, if you believe it kind,

It slipt unlicens'd from her tender Mind.

So soft she Breaths kind Accents to your Ear,

As if the Bashful Creature could not bear

That she her self shou'd her own fondness hear.

Tho'

Tho' with design some moving Accent breaks,
Yet she appears unknowing what she speaks.

Here smiles the shining Season of your Reign,
But for a while let us remove the Scene,

View Cloudy Skies, Proud Frowns, and Cold
(Disdain. }

*Observe my Rules, drawn from Experienc'd skill,
And tho' she Thunders, you shall Conquer still.*

Constancy.

PErhaps the Naughty Nymph thy Presence
(shuns,

And *Daphne* like from the pursuer runs.

Bold, like the Youthful *Phæbus*, follow, you,

Swift tho' she flies, do thou as swift pursue.

Intreat, like him, like him, maintain thy way,

Stay, *Phæbus* cry'd, my Charming *Daphne*, stay, }

The Winds bore her, and his lost Pray'rs away. }

Yet,

Yet, as he follow'd fast the Flying Maid,

The more he saw her Flett, the more he Pray'd.

A long, long Course the Virgin had maintain'd,

But what he follow'd long, at last he gained.

He gain'd that Fair, who did his Passion flee,

Not now a Virgin, yet he claspt her Tree.

Let not her change in thee suspicion raise,

There are no *Daphne's* in these kinder Days.

All that she could, she did ; her Lawrel bow'd,

At every word he spoke to thank the God.

The Muse.

Hence am I mov'd to warn thee of the fate
Which do's on most Poetick Lovers wait.

Enervate here the Poet owns his Charm,

Numbers, which once could Fire, now hardly
(warm.

Verse,

Verse, slighted Verse, will but with few prevail;
How shall we hope, if *Phæbus* self could fail?
If thou thy racking sufferings would'st rehearse,
In Numbers sweet and softly sliding Verse.
All thou wilt gain, the Maid shall be admir'd,
Ador'd by all, who has thy Songs inspir'd.
Thou, the Nymphs Fame shall't by thy Numbers
(raise,
Loose *Daphne* certain, for uncertain Bays.
Thy hard ill-fated Error shall't thou see,
And Sing at last, a hopeless Swain like me.
Amasia first made me in Numbers write,
Love gave me Verse, and Verse gave Love delight.
From all my Songs this only could I find,
They sooth'd my Passion, and bewitch'd my Mind,
Verse fann'd my Love, made my own wishes blaze
But no soft kindlings in her Breast could raise.
Love taught me Notions for soft Numbers fit,
If I had never Lov'd, I ne'er had Writ.

As Passion first did Artless Songs improve,
 More Artful now, my Songs shall teach to Love.
 The Charming Sex my moving Songs shall Read,
 The Swains shall Weep, the Ravish'd Virgins Bleed
 If Verse has Charms, my flowing lines shall move,
 And every Sighing Maid confess I Love.

Amasia's self when all my Passion's known,
 Spight of her Pride, that fatal truth shall own.

Despis'd my self, let no sad Swain despair,
 All Virgins are not, like *Amasia*, fair,
 Nor feels an others Youth those pangs I bear.

I Love too fiercely, Love to such excess,
 I cannot wish my raging Passion less.

So fierce those Fires, which ravage all my Breast
 I should run mad, should I at last be blest,
 So lose *Amasia* most when most possesst.

If happier you wou'd more successful be,
 Love not, no, never fondly doat like me.

Like

Like friendly Sea-marks, warning from the Coast,
I stand, to shew you where my self was lost.

Observe my precepts, fill your bosom'd Sayls,
And Steer a happy course with prosp'rous gales,
In *Ovid's* Days soft Numbers were admir'd,
Poetick lays the Ravish'd Virgins Fir'd.

The wishing Maids by tuneful measures mov'd,
The Song was valu'd, and the Poet Lov'd.

Now, Sacred Verse no more it's Charms can
(hold

But Beauty, Mercenary grown, is fold,
And every *Danae* may be brib'd with Gold.

Jove, deckt in all the Ensigns of his Pow'r,
In the full Pride of God-head, Storms the
(Tow'r,

But enters only in his Golden Show'r.

Yet some there are, sure yet some Maids remain,
 Some gen'rous Maids, who scorn such forbid
 (gain,

If then these Noble, Gen'rous Nymphs you
 (find,

Write in soft Verse, in Verse reveal your Mind.

Still with an Air of Love your lines must rowl,

That in your Numbers she may read your Soul.

If you attempt in Poesy, write well,

He's curst in Verse, whose Genius can't excell.

Thus, tho' my flames may *Daphnis* flames surpass,

Yet am not I inspired, as *Daphnis* was.

Daphnis may Sing, none can like *Daphnis* Sing,

Whilst all his Numbers from his Passion Spring;

His softest Muse do's in soft measures rise,

His Muse may Soar to his bright *Delia's* Eyes.

So, Soars, the Lark, in airey measures born,

So Sings, when Springing from the smiling Corn, }

And in sweet tuneful ayres salutes the Morn. }

Yet

Yet *Daphnis* self, for sweetest strains renown'd,
 Even *Daphnis* self was not by *Delia* Crown'd.
 At first, perhaps, unread your Note's return'd,
 Your Person flighted, and your Passion scorn'd.
 Despair not yet, thus nicest Maids will flight,
 But Write again, and yet again still Write.
 Now more, and more your cruel pangs display.
 Say all the fondest wishes bid you say.
 Tell her alas she never should despise,
 The Flames that kindled at her Charming Eyes.

Device.

Send now unseal'd thy Letter to her hands,
Cupid will fly, when you unloose his bands.
 By secret flight your am'rous lines convey,
 But let no Servant for her Answer stay.
 She will, retir'd, peruse what so you send,
 Her curiosity shall stand your friend.

In the same place, where she was so betray'd,
 The Paper's thrown by the regardless Maid,
 Unnotic'd left, and as neglected, lay'd.

This, for some time, practice with subtle skill,
 What she, unmarkt, may read, be sure, she will.

Let a fond note, thus dropt, at length declare
 Your pangs are known to the ingrateful fair,
 Say she has Read, and you must now despair.

Tell her no farther will her Slave presume,
 He only begs her to pronounce his doom.

When next she's seen, the Charmer's Eyes shall
 (show,

Whether your lines have been perus'd or no.

In her fair Eyes as plain her thoughts you note.
 As she did yours, when reading what you wrote.
 Not Coyest Nymphs shall such Devices shun ;
Acontius thus the fair *Cydispe* won.

An Apple, blushing like her Cheeks, he threw,
 The Golden Vow in Golden Letters drew,
 Then, hurl'd it rolling in the Charmer's view.

The tempting Fruit the smiling Virgin bore,
 Read what he Writ and, in the Reading, Swore.
 Too late the am'rous subtilty descry'd,
 She Vow'd her self the Young *Acontius* Bride.
 With like success may you deceive the Fair,
 They fly, like Birds, to the well painted Snare.
 When by those Rules, which I prescribe you,
 (taught,

You may perceive them willing to be caught.
 Hov'ring sometime they will avoid the Gin,
 But at the last ———

With gentle, modest fluttrings, venter in.
 The careless Fair seems, as at first, unmov'd,
 Seems not to think how tenderly she's Lov'd.

Or frowns perhaps, exerts her cold disdain,
 For Maids are Tyrants, and when courted Reign,
 If Proud she Scorns, then has she read your Flames
 And flies resenting to the last extreams.
 Despair not now, yet seem as you despair'd,
 Be all your forces for the Storm prepar'd.
 Believe me Youth, the hardest may be won,
 The Artist gain'd that Maid he fram'd of Stone.
 What she resents so high, she most desires,
 In Frosty Woods rage ever scorching Fires.
Ætna, whose Crown is everlasting Snow,
 Do's at the Heart with inward burnings glow;
 Above, all coldness, all on Fire below. }
 The Weakest Virgins still their prowess boast,
 As Cowards ever huff and bluster most,
 With a false show a while maintain the Field,
 But when you press them hard, how soon they
 (yield ?
 Soft are their Breasts, urge your addreses oft,
 Feel then, their Souls are as their Bosoms soft.

Indifference.

SHE scorns you not perhaps, but what is worse,
Indiff'rent seems ; Indiff'rence is a curse.

Alas! her loose indiff'rence can't be born,

You think Indiff'rence the severest scorn.

She thinks so too, and as she fancies so,

Resolves the utmost rigour she will show :

Maids thence pretend they can our Passions know. }

Am I the Master of my Art believ'd

If so, most certainly they are deceiv'd.

'Tis as their Tempers in the Lovers Reign, }

Some disdain haughty Nymphs, as they disdain, }

And though unforc'd would follow, break their chain. }

Such be thy humour, or if that's too much,

Feign it at least, let her believe it such.

As she has seem'd regardless of your Pray'r,

Seem you unthoughtful of the feigning fair.

With

With your Companions, as you pass along,
 Smile, be all Air, tune some different Song,
 Thence shall she Judge your Passion now not
 (strong.

If her drawn Window you by chance pass by,
 Darting that way let her not mark your Eye.

If you will look, cast not a side-long glance,
 But seem to see her, as if seen by chance.

If she perceive you looking stedfast on,
 My Art is lost, She's lost, and you undone.

From lasting views straight will the Maid rem ove,
 Such are the Practise of a mutual Love.

As you pass by give her a plain salute,
 Perhaps she Sings, touches perhaps her Lute.

Pass on regardless still and let her Sing,

Tho' thy Heart shake more than the trembling
 (String.

Ah! be not foolishly bewitch'd as I,

My struggling fight would at her Window fly,

And I shou'd gaze, tho' I were sure to dye.

Stop

Stop not to hear, her ayres too dear 'twill cost,
 Strait would her tunes her height'ned triumphs
 (boast.

To loftier strains would her soft Musick rise,
 And while she acts the Conquests of her Eyes,
 The Maid insults, the Ravish'd Lover dyes.

Your Flames more force shall from such ayres
 (assume.

Whilst she, as *Nero* once, plays o're her burning
 (*Rome*.

Stand not to fight, too powerful is the Foe,
 Like *Parthians* fly, and you may Conquer so.
 Like *Parthians* fly, but flying, seem to flight,
 Dart not one glance in the deluding flight.

Fondly you wish to know the Charmer's mind
 You fancy now her glances may be kind,
 And dearly long to cast one glimpse behind.

Orpheus, when climbing from the *Stygian Coast*,

Look'd but once back, what blessings could he
 boast,

He lost *Euridice*, for ever lost,

Lost

Lost by one Look, so dear so lov'd a prize,
 Lost what he valu'd far beyond his Eyes.
 Beyond those Eyes, which hated thence the light,
 Preferring rather an Eternal Night.
 That fatal loss he did for ever mourn,
 And would again to *Stygian* shades return.
 Could he once more receive the lovely prize,
 He would, in change have parted with his fatal Eyes.
 Let *Orpheus* fate thy happy warning be ;
 That Love is blindest which would always see,
 If the restraint be such you cannot brook,
 But you will venture yet to steal a look,
 To mark her Eyes, and gather thence her flames ;
 For there I know your pointed fancy aims.
 Your Glove, or Cane by accident let drop,
 Then, turn in haste, glance quick, and take it up.
 If now you find her from the Window gone,
 Ten thousand anxious doubts come rolling on.

Hence

Hence is it best you should from looks forbear

All cannot dive into the subtle fair,

Now Fire, now Ice, and now again She's Air.

In all their Breasts Agues and Fevers Reign,

Now fixt, now fickle, and then fixt again,

Now all o're fondness, now all o're disdain.

Let none success from feign'd indifference doubt,

A little time will turn the Wheel about,

The Scene will shift, Poyson drive Poyson out.

Observe my Rules. drawn from experienc'd skill,

Tho' now you Fly, yet shall you Conquer still.

Near her abode watch in some secret Street.

And, as by chance, the passing Virgin meet.

With Ceremonial Complements salute,

Stand not to talk, to argue or dispute;

But as your waving Hat Salutes her now,

If she looks smiling on you, smiling bow.

Those

Those smiles she gives, the Maid, as Envoys,
(sends,

And be assur'd, that you at last are friends.

Write then again, again your Suit renew

For Maids expect Men should for ever Woe,

Even those, I know, who most deny us, do.

Tell her what Flames rage in your burning Breast,

Tell her your Passion cannot be express'd.

From what she reads, say she may Judge the rest.

Beg but one Visit, that you so may show

Your real Passion, she believe it so.

Your Letters Read, no answer she returns,

She Smiles, perhaps, and crys, poor Youth ! he
(burns.

Laughs with her Maids, and plays upon your Stile,

Whilst in compliance too the Servants Smile,

No matter, you, who raise her Mirth so fast,

Shall have the Power to raise her Tears at last.

The

The Mistress Reads ; the Maids attentive wait,
 The grand affair some little time debate,
 They, cry—— but Madam, has he an Estate?

Gold.

Curse on your Hellish Tongues, ye impious
 (hence,
 The Youth has Love, the Youth has Wit and
 (Sense.

Constant in Truth, and moving in Address,
 And shall this Lover be deny'd Access;

It will be so. —— This fatal Maxim hold;
 Fleering Attendants must be brib'd with Gold.

What can't the Maid that's voluble of Tongue?

False, she shows true, and right she renders wrong

For shame, ye *British* Maids! your Thrones
 (maintain.

Reign all your selves ; for thus your Servants Reign

Through

Who serves the Mistress, and the Servants too.

All have not Gold, by which the Sex is won,

At least I'm sure that I my self have none.

Thus Beauty do's a fordid Traffick hold,

Sordid indeed tho' thus it deals in Gold,

Whilst Love, more pretious Love, is brought, and
(fold.)

How shall I heal, poor Swain! these fatal woes?

For Love and Poverty are Mortal Foes.

Curse on those Sulph'rous Mines which feed the Oare,

Curse on those Misers Eyes which fed it more,

And gave it first the value, which it bore.

Want's a Disease for which I know no Cure,

Those Swains will still be slighted who are poor.

Fond Expectation may the Maids deceive,

Perhaps, your Passion may on promise live,

Promise how'er tho' you want Gold to give.

Nought should to needy Lovers seem too hard,

Promise

Promise vast Gold en Mountains for reward.

What you request, if they believe, they grant,

Never, no never let them know your want.

Their expectation then their Aid excites;

Aloud the Lady reads your am'rous flights,

And the Maids crys,—how prettily he Writes!

But if you still are giving, much have given,

They stretch your Bounty and your Praise to Heav'n.

Brave, Handsom, Great, they term the Youth that's
(free;

Thus brib'd with Gold, they would extol ev'n me.

Inspiring *Phæbus* ! Let some cause be told,

Why thy Beams make not for thy of-spring Gold.

Falsely attribute we thy gilded praise,

Gold is not sure the Product of thy Rays.

If Gold be thine, thy Son are Minors still,

And you, severest Parent ! Use them ill.

E

Hence

Hence with thy ill fam'd Laurel's useleſs Tree,
Its ſpreading Branches bear no Fruits for me.

Too plain its fatal barrenneſs is ſeen,
It never Bloſſoms, tho' 'tis ever Green.

Write yet again, fond Youth ! and by the Maid,
Let the ſoft ſecret Letter be convey'd.

With guilded edges let thy Note be lac'd,
'Tis fit thou give her all the Gold thou haſt.

/ The Maids aſſiſtance in kind words implore,
Gain her, She ſoon ſhall gain your Miſtreſs more
By that Epiſtle, than by all before. }

Now ſhall She praſtiſe all her cloſeſt Wites,
She meets the ſmiling Charmer, then She Smiles,
The Maid commends each flouriſh of your Pen,
Vows 'tis the prettieſt Letter She has ſeen.

Intreats an Answer from the gentler Fair, }
And intreats, renews her pray'r,
And crys, how can you let the Youth deſpair ? }

In all his Lines such melting Accents move;

Madam, I'm sure he does sincerely love,

Write, tho' your Letter bear the hardest strain,

Bid him desist, tell him his Suit in vain ;

Better to kill, than let him live in pain.

Charge him, command him, give his Passion o're,

Command the Dying Youth to love no more.

Perhaps She Writes, but that's a large advance,

Who trusts her Pen, leans on a yielding Lance.

Observe my Rules, drawn from experienc'd Skill.

Lye now in Ambush, and so Conquer still.

Waiting not far the trembling Lover stands,

Receives the Letter from the Servants hands,

And seems Distracted at the hard Commands.

Disturb not, Youth ! Your anxious bosom so,

For She would have you come, who bids you go.

Passion.

KISS the dear Seal, lean in a pensive mood,
 And softly say, scarce to be understood,
 Tell me—Ah ! Tell me, are your Tydings good.
 Wait not, expecting what the Maid replies,
 Just look with languishing, with watry Eyes,
 Breath some soft Accents, some abortive Sighs.
 Then cry with shiv'ring starts, as in some Fit,
 Ah ! Are you sure, 'tis She her self has Writ ?
 Haste, break the Seal, with doubtful Joy peruse,
 Then, seem distracted at the dismal News.
 See her no more!—What Man the Thought
 (can bear?)
 Rave, and grow mad, tear your disorder'd Hair,
 Tear the dear Note, and toss it in the Air.

Into a thousand Pieces be it torn,
 And on the Ground its trampled Ruines spurn.
 Thus while you Rage, the Maid will needs be gone,
 But now, let gentle Calmness be Put on.
 Stay her a while, pick the dear Papers up,
 And in her Hand prevailing Guineas drop.
 Now is the Time, if you have Gold to give,
 And Vow, if scorn'd again, you will not live.
 The simp'ring Maid gives all the hopes She can,
 Crys,——be not so dejected, play the Man.
 Protests She will her utmost Pow'rs exert,
 Use all endeavours, practice every Art,
 To raise soft Love in the obdurate Heart.
 In a short time, the kind, industrious Maid,
 Instructs you how a Visit may be paid.
 Tells you the Fair will condescend to hear,
 And know the utmost meaning of your Pray'r.

Perhaps, informs you only of some Walk,
 Crys,—meet her there, there you may freely talk.
 Courage, young Hero! and maintain the Field.
 Who sounds a Parley shews a mind to yield.

Address.

LET your Address the humblest boldness show,
 So gain your Conquests, and maintain them so
 Breath at her Feet the Triumphs of her Eyes,
 That Love stoops lowest, which sublimest flies,
 Sweet is the sound, when she shall bid you rise.
 With eager shiv'ings let her Hands be prest,
 Enervate force speaks the fond Soul the best,
 Let words urge all you can, and Murmurs breath
 (the rest.

From your fond Eyes let hasty glances rowl,
 Like troubled notions from the Poet's Soul.

The speaking Eyes the fondest thoughts declare ;
 Charm'd by her looks, yours must all sweetness
 (wear, }

Your Visage guilded with a smiling Air.

Pressing her Hands, while you approach more nigh,
 She backward leans, disdainful, coyly shy.

Forbear, she cries, what mean you, Sir, forbear ;
 Obey her now, but now bend yet more near.

Love is a Theft, and you must softly Steal,
 Obtain the favour first, and then conceal.

Whate'r advances in your Suit are got,
 Seem as if you your self perceiv'd them not.

Whilst fondest Lovers such devices find,
 From hence it is that Love's reputed blind.

Thus may your Hands glide gently to her breast,
 Thus may those swelling softnesses be prest.

Thus by kind art thou on Love's Thrones shalt
 (Reign, }

But if you can't your Conquests still maintain,
 Back let your Hands softly be drawn again.

Again approach within a little while,
 That Sky which thunders now, e're long will smile;
 These favours flow not from first Visits paid,
 The soft rewards of long addrestes made.
 Sometimes, the fair puts on a clouded Brow,
 And what but late was granted, is not now.
 The Charming Sex, still on new tryals bent,
 Shew that their favours are not given, but lent.
 Humour her present Coyness, seem reserv'd,
 Maids must sometimes by your neglect be serv'd,
 Feed their disdain, tho' their desires be starv'd.
 Now, fondly gaze, as her heav'd Bosom pants,
 And press that breast, which your soft presses wants,
 Against her will, what pleases her, she grants.
 With struggling hands let the dear Charm be prest,
 Tell her your Heart dwells in her panting Brest.
 Some faint Essays she makes, lays soft Commands,
 And gently strives, and with the gentlest hands.

The short efforts she makes are never strong,
 Her Eyes entreat you, and her melting Tongue,
 But all their soft entreaties last not long.

To her own Breasts her wand'ring Hands repair,
 Which when you feel, receive, and press them there;
 Forbear she cries, but hopes you won't forbear.

Her tender Hands remove not yours, but stay,
 Alas! neglected in her lap they lay.

Why do's her Breast her Charming Hand receive?

'Tis to touch yours, which such endearings give.

Let not her Snowy Fingets now be blam'd;

They would press too, but that she's yet aham'd.

Whilst every touch, soft wishing thoughts impart,

Your Hand runs thro' her to the very Heart.

Much tho' they please, they must at last remove,

I teach not still the same continu'd Love.

Observe my Rules, drawn from experienc'd skill,

Now, Fight, now Fly, so shall you Conquer still.

Earnest

Earnest resentments now she seems to show,
 And crys you hurt her, who have Charm'd her so.
 How dares your Hand into her Breast intrude ?
 Your Love's ill breeding, and your Passiou rude.
 Dissembling fair ! who this reservdness show,
 You would not for the World he thought it so.

Submission.

TRembling attention to her Anger lend ;
 Own the offence, you may again offend.
 Whilst under soft correction Lovers live,
 Maids feel a certain Pride, when they forgive.
 Seem half distracted with the racking guilt,
 She feels in earnest what you feigning felt.
 Display, in all your troubled homage, pain,
 Protest sincere in this repentant strain,
 Never, no, never to offend again.

Keep then, she crys, what you have vow'd so deep.
 And seems to doubt your want of pow'r to keep.
 Crys, with the sweeth, most deluding skill,
 She fears you will not, while she fears you will;
 Admires, to what new freedom you presume,
 And wonders whence that liberty should come.
 You, like some Sentenc'd Criminal appear,
 Your very guilt shall bribe the Justice here.
 Whilst, thus dejected, you forbear to touch,
 She crys, she did not think your boldness such;
 Some small allowance giv'n, you take to much.

Sadness.

THE more your sad Humility is seen,
 The more, She crys, has your assurance been.
 Sunk in offence, whilst thus the Lover lyes,
 He but submits, to Conquer; kneels, to rise.

She

She pities now your Melancholly air,
 And cannot drive you to so deep Despair.
 Grows kinder still, since the soft calm began,
 Calls you the fondest,——most desiring Man——
 As in some fit, seem fainting to the ground,
 And sigh, as tortur'd with some inward wound.
 From your sad mood, whatever arts is cost,
 She charms you now, nor shal' her charms be lost.

Fear.

NOW she permits, now may your hand ascend,
 Seem you yet doubtful; least you yet offend.
 Half heav'd to rise, let them again fall down;
 This shall your utmost, softest wishes crown.
 Thy hands her own shall to those seats restore,
 By which so late they were repulst before.
 Here seems Possession of the Charmer giv'n,
 And the fault's thine, if thou wilt thence be driven.

Blest

Blest in these blooming, flow'ry Gardens dwell,

Thy Senses shall grow ravish'd with the smell.

Her Bosom will a scent more grateful yield

Than blowing Roses in the fragrant Field.

Ah ! do not now this kindest Charm abuse,

Desire not fruits forbidden by the Muse,

Longing for those, this Paradise you lose.

Breath am'rous murmurs there, breath tender sighs,

And kiss her Breasts as you perceive them rise,

Fondness.

P Lay with thy Fingers twining in her Hair,

Cupid, in every curl has spread his snare.

Thy fondness, dallying in such wiles shall shew,

The well pleas'd Virgin more insnar'd than you.

Clasp now her Waist, clasp fast the slender Maid,

Close to her glowing Cheek let yours be lay'd.

Speak

Speak now in whispers, tho' no Soul be nigh,
Sigh, and now hear the yielding Maid shall sigh.

Ask from what Cause that tender sigh could
(flow,

Strait, the Effect the charming Cause shall show,

She sighs again, and cries she does not know.

In a soft Tone pursue your soft Address,

Play with her Hand, and her dear Fingers press,

And seem disturb'd you can't her Sorrows guess.

Her sighs, she says, no known Afflictions move,

Not Grief, the Cause victorious Youth! 'tis Love.

Observe my Rules. drawn from experienc'd Skill,

Yield more and more, so shall you Conquer still.

With wishing Eyes, cry, can it, can it be,

That those dear sighs in pity rose for me?

Modesty.

Modesty.

NOW, in her Cheeks spreads the soft , bashful
(Blush,

And mantling Streams in modest flushings rush.

Silent she sits, with down-cast Eyes a while,

Nor knows to frown, nor does she know tho smile.

Her yeilding Visage now appears to wear

A Virgin shame mixt with a thoughtful Air.

Thus look you too, seem bashful, and asham'd,

As if the Question you propos'd, were blam'd.

That shame-fac'd Air, her Mein shall then express

Becomes her well, nor would become you less.

Think it not strange, Rules for your looks are lay'd ;

The change of Visage charms the wishing Maid.

Link her fair Fingers in the gentlest Bands,

And print soft Kisses on her snowy Hands.

Still between whiles renewing your Address,

Now fondly kifs them, and now fondly press.

Now

Now, with descending Lips the charm maintain,

Now, rising, raise it to those Lips again.

On her blew Veins let rising sighs be spread,

Fire thus the Veins of the desiring Maid.

Desire.

Now gazing, fix on her's your wishing Eyes,
 Look longing, languishing with fond sur-
 (prize,

And sighing, seem as you would hide your sighs.

Now with a trembling fear her Lips approach,

Steal to her balmy Lips, and gently touch.

Tho' at the first attempt your Aim you miss,

Yet snatch the pieces of the broken Kifs.

Rise by degrees, till the first fears are gone,

And rush at last with gentle Transports on.

Lean on her Breasts, thus on your guard beneath,

Catch every breath you see the Charmer breath.

Donb

Doubt not, such fondness will the Virgin please;
In Ambush lye, and as She Salleyes, seize.

Now, in warm Raptures rush upon the Foe
Rush on that fragrant Breath, which Charms
(thee so,

And spread long Kisses there——

Long press her close, and scarce at last let go,

Tho' thou hast snatch'd a thousand from her Store,
Spread still her Cheeks with roving Kisses o're,
And still complain, desirous still of more.

Kiss, tho' your Lips with their long kissing smart,
Seem thus dissatisfy'd, and bless my Art.

Ye tender Maids! How can you blame my Song;
I raise your Joys, yet not your Honours wrong.

No fatal Mischiefe in my Art is found,

I hurt not much, who but with Kisses wound.

If Youth, you hear the injur'd Nymph complain,
Those Kisses which you robb'd, restore again.

By me no wrong to the soft Sex is done,
Return an Hundred, tho' you snatch'd but one.

If there be any Fair my Art offends,
My Art, (if known,) shall make her large amends.
Love is a Child, that Love thy Poet sings
Is ever born on in-offensive Wings.

Cupid, not *Venus*, shall my numbers raise,
The Infant *Cupid* hurts not, when he plays.
Now, happy Youth ! Thy Tutor's Art confess,
That certain Art, which can thy wishes bless.

Observe my Rules, drawn from experienc'd Skill
Charge not too far, so shall you conquer still.

Thus far advanc'd in the endearing strain,
What thou may'st yet desire, does yet remain;
As you embrace, to be embrac'd again.

Crown me with *Roses*, and with *Myrtles* Crown,
The Charmer's Heart, her Soul shall be your own.

But

But first, before to this request you move,
 Urge the dear Fair ; your utmost Arts improve,
 Till you have heard her Breath those Words——
 (love }

Whilst now, fond Youth ! As I prescribe, you do, }
 You shall gain Conquests , and maintain them too, }
 Yes, you shall triumph, and your Spoils grown new. }
 Fonder, and fonder let your Suit be mov'd,
 Convince her throughly She's entirely lov'd.

Zeal.

A Precept, yet untaught, I teach you now,
 Vow very rarely, but then warmly Vow.
 They who swear oft, should not be oft believ'd,
 For if they be, the Nymph may be deceiv'd.
 Work up your Passion to the last excess,
 Great as it is, let it appear not less.

Let Love on all its Wings, extended, fly,
 And feel, if possible, when soar'd so high,
 Feel all your Act, almost run Mad, and dye.
 He who expects the Nymph should Crown his pains
 Should, for the time, feel every Thing he feigns.
 So on the Stage the purple Emp'rour stands,
 His fancy'd Throne propt by applauding Hands.
 Thus rais'd, imaginary Worlds he sways,
 And thinks himself that Monarch which he Plays.
 On him the Subject Audience fix their Eyes,
 The very Poet Credits his own Lies,
 And the Fair weep, when with false Wounds he
 (dyes.)
 Be bold, and but believe you shall excell,
 There's none so dull, but may dissemble well.
 Study no Form, but as D——s Pray,
 Speak with warm Zeal, no matter what you say,
 You can't Dissemble half so well as They.

If you complain in a too Charming strain,
She may delight to hear you *still* complain.

Sill let your Thoughts imperfect Accents break,
And mingle melting Kisses, as you speak.

When e're she sighs, her rising Breasts observe,
Take them as yours, and vow how true you serve
Soon as she grants some favour you implore,

With Words and Kisses thank her o're, and o're ;
One favour giv'en, is a new Grant for more.

Pursue her close, and she will give so fast,
That she shall kindly give her self at last.

In your Discourse let am'rous reasonings move,
A real Passion shall your Thoughts improve,
Your Sense shall less instruct you than your Love.

Reason, she cries, no such request demands ;
Reason avaunt ;—urge, these are Love's commands,
And speaking sigh, and closely press her hands.

Then, if she smiles, that smile the Grant insures,
By all my Art, *if I have Art*, She's yours.

Sorrow.

WEep, if thou can'st, or if thou can'st not,
(feign,

The Sun shines warmest after Show'rs of Rain.

When she perceives you gaze with watry Eyes,

She thinks those dewy Drops from Fires rise.

By some feign'd Story first the Maid must know,

You can't believe Tears from your Eyes can flow ;

She the remembrance in her Mind shall keep :

You saw your Mother dye, yet could not weep.

Then when She sees you weeping at each Breath,

She thinks Love's pow'r beyond the pow'r of Death

Strait, the kind Nymph in your fond weakness
(shares ;

For there's a soft Infection lodg'd in Tears.

Thus even by Tears you shall the Virgin fire,

Like Oyl, such Waters make Love's flames aspire.

Tho'

Tho' you weep not, for Tears uncertain rise,
 Bending aside, yet seem to wipe your Eyes.
 Now is the time your Blessings to improve,
 Now is the time for happy mutual Love.
 Urge now the Fair her Passion to confess,
 Her Eyes speak Love, let not her Tongue speak less.
 Fond, tender Words, soft as her Tears, shall glide,
 Love ever flows in Sorrow's gentle Tide.

Pity.

PErhaps, at first She will kind Pity own,
 And cry, you cannot think She's perfect Stone.
 If once She Pities, let all Fear be past,
 For none e're pity'd, but She lov'd at last,
 Pity, Love's gentle Usher, smooths the way;
 Love after Pity makes no long delay.

Now are all Dangers past, all Storms blown ore,
 The bounding Vessel Gains the wisht for Shore.
 When most you see her kindest, most seem blind,
 And call her Cruel, tho' you know her kind.
 Allmost posselt, seem wholly to Despair,
 Your Visits now for some short time forbear ;
 Feigning distracted Doubts, you gain the Fair.
 By secret Wiles, seem, as your Soul were mov'd
 By other Charms ; as you some other lov'd.

Jealousie.

Love, like Religion, can no Rival brook ;
 By this Device She shall be fastest took,
 She only waits that you should draw the Hook.
 Land, spar'd a while, returns the vaster Gain,
 The cleaving Earth, that gapes, and thirsts for
 (Rain.
 Drinks greedier deep, when Showers fall again.

You

You may, you must, from Visits now desist,
 You will be Charm'd, when charg'd from being mist'
 Long, long Experience this great Truth assures,
 Believing you some others, She grows yours.
 Money, nor Health, we value while possess,
 But when once lost, oft have sad Sighs express,
 Could we again obtain, how much should we be
 (blest !

Thus 'tis with Love, the best, the dearest Wealth,
 The truest Blessing, and the sweetest Health.

Thus, whilst vain coyness in the Virgin reigns,
 What most She values, She the most disdains.
 So will the peevish Child that Toy despise,
 For which, when once hurl'd crossly down, he cries.

*Observe my Rules, drawn from experienc'd Skill,
 And go off Conquering, so to Conquer still.*

Absence.

Absence.

AS I must teach your Presence how to Fire,
 Your absence does my Art no less require.
 For some short time keep wholly from her sight,
 Write not in hast, tho' you at last may Write.
 Now, at each turn cross by her in the Street,
 At every Corner the dear Charmer meet.
 Before her move, and now behind her stay,
 And seem, as chance, not purpose, led your Way.
 Let your Eyes languish, your Head droop, look pale,
 Seem sick that She may ask you what you ail.
 You no true Cause of your feign'd Sicknes tell,
 Bow, as She speaks, and Answer you are Well.
 In some sad Posture, heavy Sadness show,
 Say you are Well, or hope will soon be so.
 If She without this Notice passes by,
 Salute her only with your glancing Eye.

Let

Let no weak fondness on our Soul intrude,
Love's more than civil, when it thus seems rude.
Give not the common Complements in use,
Yet oft sail softly by the Charmers House.

Pride.

As you pass by, perhaps, She laughs aloud,
Seems, of those Trophies She has lost,
(grown proud;
Wave you your hand, your neck be humbly bow'd.
False are those Triumphs, Fair One! Which you
(boast.
You cannot flight those Conquests you have lost.
As I direct, salute her seeming flight,
Appear to thank her for fleeing Spight.
Amongst her Maids, might the true Cause be guess,
What mov'd her laughter was some trifling Jest.
Whilst She jocosely her feign'd Scorn shall shew,
Seem to conceive She made the Jest at you.

Half

Half Mad walk on, amend your tardy pace, }
 And as you turn some Corner, turn your Face, }
 Give a short scorning glance, but do not stand and }
 (gaze.)

How shall her laughter vex the Charmer more,
 As She believes it anger'd you before.

You, past from fight, She and her Maids a while,
 Again shall laugh, and at that Laughter smile.

On let their Mirth still in new Thunders rowl,
 Inward She's rac'kd, and tortur'd to the Soul.

I know thy subtlest Whiles, deceitful fair !

Nor will be cheated with thy guilded Air.

Now do'st thou Wish his Visits were renew'd,
 And wish with Pain thou might'st again be woo'd,

Thus have I seen the sportive Children stand,

Pulling some Rope with their enervate Hand ;

All their Collected little Strength they try,

And draw, and strain; but if you Conquer, cry,

Let

Let fly the end, they smile, and are in pain,
Till they have given it you to pull again.

Coldness

NOW She walks oft abroad to take the Air
Frequents those Groves frequented by the
(Fair, }
The *Park*, the *Mall*, where the fond Beau repair.
You, seen at distance, know, yet still She asks,
Crys, is that he? and e're She's answer'd, masks.
Why this Device? ye subtile masking Fair! }
Ye best dissemble with your Faces bare ;
A double Mask is too, too much to wear.
Why must those Clouds obscure your radiant Eyes ;
From such Deformity can Beauty rise ?
Why are you hid, when longing to be known,
Dare you not Fight without your Armour on ?
As you pass by, the subtile Fair shall turn,
She hopes you know her noted Garments worn.

Seem

Seem not to know, let no Salute be paid.
 But Rally, mildly sharp, the masking Maid,
 Perhaps, the kind Attendant shall display
 Her waving Handkerchief, to Court your stay.
 If the White Flag flies waving to the Field,
 The Warriour knows the Charming Fort will yield.
 The Maid, perchance, with an alluring Grace,
 Grants some quick Scetches of her simpring Face.
 Whilst her spread Fan, held cunningly, is born
 That very Fan you had so lately torn.
 Becks with her Hand, and now turns short, now
 (stands;
 Do you return her Beckons with your Hands,
 Oft She allures you with well-shifted Scenes,
 While you still seem unknowing what She means.
 Beauty's a Feast, to which you should be prest.
 Invited oft to be a wellcome Guest,
 Who seems to shun the Blessing, most is blest.

He who of each Advantage will take hold,
 Fearful appears, Designing, but not bold.
 Catching at all, who every Scent pursues,
 Shall follow Shadows, and the Substance lose.
 Thus, by loose Play the Cullys are drawn in,
 Gamesters stand ever longest out, who win.

*Observe my Rules, drawn from experienc'd Skill.
 And stand off Conquering, so to Conquer still.*

Reading perhaps in the obscurest Grove

The Fair One sits, some Book that treats of Love.

Ev'n *Syloius*, Numbers may perhaps be read,

Tho' not my self, my Verse may charm the Maid.

With folded Arms pass Melancholly by,

Now softly Murmur, and now softly sigh.

Pass back again, and yet again return,

And seem the loss of some dear Friend to Mourn.

Your languid Arms cross your sad Breast be thrown,

You press *her* Heart, whilst thus you press *your own*.

Enter

Enter at last, made by your Passion fleet,
 And throw your self beneath the Charmer's Feet.
 Your struggling Lips abortive Accents break,
 Seem much to strive, but do not, do not speak.
 As frightened, out She rushes like the Wind;
 You must expect you shall a Tempest find,
 Perhaps, She leaves my slighted Book behind.
 So high her rais'd Resentment may be born,
 Perhaps, not slighted only, 'twill be torn.

Observe my Rules, drawn, from experienc'd Skill.

Go on repulst, yet so to Conquer still.

Lift up my Lines, pursue her as She flies,
 Present them humbly to her Angry Eyes.
 Let my soft Verse be to her Hands restor'd,
 Tell her, scorn'd Love inspir'd each flowing word,
 Tell her this fatal Truth——
 None ever lov'd like *Sylvius*, none ador'd.

Tell her, for this I know you long to tell.
 And I allow it, ——— Vow you love as well.
 If to receive my Book you find her free,
 Sigh then, and speak, as if you envy'd me.

The Reward.

Success sufficient in this Charm I boast,
 This only gain'd, my Labours are not lost.

Who would not Write, while Love commanding
 (stands; }

Who would not love ? Held in such tender bands; }

She clasps my living numbers in her Hands.

In her fair Hands my tuneful Numbers rowl,

And if She reads, they flow into her Soul.

Tuneful indeed is all my Artful Song,

And like a silver Current glides along,

Whilst warbled sweetly from her fluent Tongue.

As my soft Verse the moving Virgin speaks,
 Not I, but She, the melting Numbers makes.
 Thus *Orpheus* play'd, thus at this tuneful call,
 Saw the charm'd Stones in Artful measures fall;
 Thus play'd *Amphion* too——
 Thus built his Glory in the *Theban* Wall.
 Close is my Book prest by the angry Maid,
 Nor you, nor I, can hope She now shall read.
 Blest be those Hands which press my Numbers so,
 My Melting Soul does in those Numbers flow.
 Beyond my self I find my Verses blest.
 Their Author may not by those Hands be prest.

Fate of Poets.

MY Book fair bound perhaps the Maid receives,
 For gilded Cover, and for golden Leaves,
 Curst be the Artist, who the pains shall take;
 No golden Present to the Fair I make.

I charge you cease, your impious hands withhold,
Against my Will must I present her Gold?

The Sex would *Midas* golden Wish restore,
And turn whate'er they touch to shining Ore.

As *Midas* did, may such fair Misers thrive ;
For Golden Verse is all I have to give.

The cheating Trades-Man's *senseless* Son {wells
(great }

With Titles puff'd, supported with Estate,
Whilst his guilty Charriot thunders thro' his Gate.

Of his new Pageantry, new Honours proud,
The *lolling Brute* o'er-looks the nobler Crowd.

Rais'd on strong Brass, slighting the Pow' er above,
Salmonius like, he fancies he's some *Jove*;
 But more, far more, he claims a right to Love.

Long, powder'd Wiggs show *Swarthy S—l* Face,
Dress shall adorn the *Aukward, Rustick* Heir,

He who has Gold, each Charmer's heart commands;
Tho' dull as Hinds, who plow his Father's Land,
Whilst at each word he offers shining Oars,

I must confess my boasted Art but poor.

He, in that Word, more charming Force displays,
Than I in all my Numbers, all my Lays.

The flippant Lawyer, canting, gains Supplies,
Gets Gold by noisy bawling, lives by Lyes.

If at the thund'ring Bar he knows to plead,
His Suit goes still successful with the Maid.

The *strutting* H——s of his Feathers proud,
Is, without fighting, constant pay allow'd,
For wearing gawdy Cloaths, and swearing loud. }

But Poets with the love of Courts are Curst,
Which leaves them Poets, as it found them first ;
Thought wholly for the smallest Truth unfit,
And reckon'd useless for their very Wit.

By some strange whirl of Fate confus'dly hurl'd,
At once above, and yet beneath the World.

Like the doom'd Wretch, whom in the Flood
(they Paine

Exalted o're those Blessings which they want.

Perseverance.

Perseverance.

Address the Maid, your Resolution hold.
 You yet shall Conquer, tho' you have not
 (Gold.

Tho' She would fly, perswade her yet to stay,

And scatter blushing Roses in her way.

With gentel Force let her a while be held ;

By *gentle Force* Maids love to be compell'd.

Desist not Youth till thou hast gain'd the Field ;

For you must Conquer, or She cannot yield.]

Pray'rs on repeated Pray'rs be still renew'd ;

Maids ever fly, in hopes to be pursu'd.

Still tho' She frowns, give not your Courtship o're, }

Still tho' She frowns, press harder than before, }

Entreat a thousand time, ten thousand more.

Think not I here impose too hard a Task,
 The grant Charms most, yet much it Charms to ask.
 After denyals on denyals past,
 What long She Vows She won't, She will at last,
 Ten thousand, thousand times has She reply'd,
 Oft as you ask'd, has She as oft deny'd?
 Yet at the last shall you your Suit obtain,
 When She believes you will not ask again.
 Tho' She protests, do not her Vows believe;
 The fair Deceiver shall her self deceive.
 Her Actions, and her Words shall ne'er agree,
 Her Words are Air, like that to which they flee,
 Her Vows dissolv'd, shall in the Air be free.
 If now, inrag'd, She weares a cloudy Brow.
 She's only fearful lest She kind should grow.
 Quit her howe'er, be my late Truths forgot,
 And knowing well, yet seem to know them not.

Sigh

Sigh sadly now, and pressing, loose her Hand ;
 Then bow —— She flies, you still dejected stand.
 Quit not the place, till out of sight She flies,
 And as She moves, pursue her with your Eyes,
Observe my Rules, drawn from experienc'd skill.

For, if She flies, yet shall you Conquer still.

Write now again, feign Sickness and Despair,
 And let some Friend the dismal Tydings bear.
 If thus some Friend be trusted to attend,
 Be well assur'd he be indeed your Friend.

Friendship, like Coin, a Royal Image bears,
 Like Coin, made currant by the Stamp it bears.
 With both Men Traffick, as their Int'rest move,
 And Gold and Friendship are exchange'd for Love.

As fainter Fires before the stronger Dye,
 Friendship expires, when Beauty's Flames blaze high
 He whom you venter in this dang'rous Post,
 Should be himself bound for some other Coast,
 Else both your Mistress and your Friend are lost.

About her House in silent Moon-light wait,
 Pass like some Ghost by her obdurate Gate.
 Thus Ghosts glide on, thus the fond *Phantom* flies,
 And haunts that Place, where the dear Treasure lies.
 Pise, Porter, haste, be the hard doors unbarr'd,
 O Porter ! Harder than the Posts you guard.

The wishing Youth beneath her Window stands,
 The wishing Youth waits for the blest Commands. }
 And curses oft the rugged Porters Hands. }

Ill, cruel Fair, is such Attendance paid,
 Too cold you treat the Lover, cruel Maid !

Why thus severe, ingrateful, feigning Fair !
 Why to thy Lover, and thy self severe ;
 Admit, admit the Youth——

Admit him to thy Breast, already there. }

In pinching Cold, by starry glim'ring Light,
 Oft have I wander'd the whole Winter Night.
 Guiltless of Thought my self, my Feet would stray,
 My conscious Feet found of themselves the way.

At lov'd *Amasia's* Doors, as in some Trance,
Oft have I lay'n, like Heroes in Romance,
Like *Iphis*, oft on the hard Pavement lay'd,
I seem'd the Guardian of the sleeping Maid.
The Mastives, conscious that the Gates are barr'd,
Bark not, but fawning meet their fellow Guard.
Of all the Stars my gazing Eyes cou'd see,
I mark'd not one whose Influence smil'd on me.
Sighted like me, yet must you patient wake,
Tho' Night reigns now, the Day at length will
(break
Now with soft Musick Serenade the Maid,
And let the gentlest, sweetest Tunes be plaid
Some Maid, some wakeful Servant may behold,
Then, be assur'd your Services are told.

Feasts.

Feasts.

IF to some Feast the Virgin does repair,
 Do thou contrive to be invited there.
 Courteous to all, compliant Words let fall,
 But whom She favours, favour most of all.
 Treat all her Friends without the least constraint,
 Her wrinkled Guardian, or her aged Aunt.
 Smile on the Maid that whispers in her Ear ;
 You must treat well your very Rival here.
 Above the rest, to him commend the Wine,
 Drink to him oft, discourse him as you Dine.
 Place, if you can, your Rival near the Maid,
 Let no Addresses, but soft Looks, be paid.
 Fronting the Fair, let some loose glances fly,
 But gaze not on her with your constant Eye.
 Drink to those Beauties which the Maid surround,
 But let no Goblet with *Her* Health be Crown'd.

Soon

Soon as her Hands the sparkling Glafs reflore,
 Call you, and drink juſt where She drank before.
 Eat very ſparingly, and ſeem to prove,
 Your beſt lov'd Food, your Nourishment is Love.
 Affect no Faſt, yet ſo contrive to Eat,
 As if you reliſh'd not, but forc'd the Meat.
 Some ſmiling Fair, perhaps, with laughing Eyes,
 Shall ask the Cauſe, and make her own Replies.
 Love—Love—the Vows, ſhe reads it in your Face,
 And now plays on you with Satyrick grace.
 Pretends the ſad Diſtemper She can ſee,
 And crys, *Sir, are you not in love with me?*
 Perhaps, the Fair, lov'd Charmer's ſelf is mov'd,
 The Charmer's ſelf ſeems conſcious that She's lov'd.
 Offers you Meat, with careleſs, looſe reſerve ;
 Accept the offer, when the Maid ſhall Carve.
 Tho' at her Chair the ready Servant ſtands,
 'Tis offer'd you by her own charming Hands.

Meet

Meet on the suddain her extended Arm,
 Staring surpriz'd, as Soldiers in Allarm.

By feign'd confusion thus o're reach the Plate,
 And sliding, touch her Hands, as your's Retreat.

Gaze on her Eyes with Eyes confessing Flames,
 And glance new Rawys fast on her glancing Beams.

E're from the room the hast'ning Fair be past,
 Fast, tho' She moves, move you, unmark't as fast, }
 Or if She stays, attend her to the last.

If with her Maids She passes in the throng,
 Brush gently by her, as you sail along.

In some close entrance if She crowded stands,
 Approach her nigh, and press by stealth her hands.

Now, as you move into the spacious Hall.

Let your Addresses at some distance fall, }
 Whilst the Fair mingles in the shining Ball.

Praise.

L Et all her steps your Admiration move,
And as She Dances, in your Eyes dance Love.
Let every Motion ravish'd wonder raise,
And Praise her now, for now She Courts your Praise.
The stronger Gale of Praises you bestow,
More beauteous Charms shall every Movement
(show.
Thus flies the Vessel with auspicious Gales,
And as the Winds encrease, more swiftly Sails.
Thus *Juno's* Bird spreads wide his starry Train,
But hides, unprais'd, his gawdy Wealth again.
The Poets thus in Praises feels delight,
And, paid with Fame alone, grows fond to Write,
Fear not to Praise, wheaever Form they bear,
There lives not one but fanices that She's Fair.

High

High in Conceit, Women, like Authors sit,
 These proud of fancy'd Beauty, those, of Wit.
 Tho' some pretend their wants of Charms to know,
 Whilst from themselves their real failings flow,
 If you but softly Vow they are deceiv'd,
 How sure, how soon is the Deceit believ'd?
 Thus every Maid to her own wants grows kind,
 And Woman's Pride, like Woman's Love is blind.
 Whilst now you see the glowing Virgin move,
 At every airy step She measures Love.
 The Ball broke up, before her bowing stand,
 And offer humbly your conducting hand.
 If coy She turns, with flights your service paid,
 Lead off before her Eyes some other Maid.

Observe my Rules, drawn from experienc'd Skill.

Engagings there, here shall you Conquer still.

Theatre.

IF in the Theatre the maid be found,
 Thence may your Passion with success be Crown'd.

Whilst now She Mourns the fancy'd Hero's Fate.

Whilst in her Eyes her ready Sorrows wait,

Attend their fall; claim all her Tears your due,

The fancy'd Lover never lov'd like you,

Claim not her Tears alone,—

But claim the charming Eyes which shed them too.

Strange Contradiction reigns in Woman's mind,

Only to shew, and false appearance, kind.

Mind not the Action, nor the Authors strain,

Slight gawdy Shows, and make her Face thy Scene.

Raise no ill-natur'd Hiss to Damn the Play,

But Criticize on what dull Criticks say.

Let

Let those who bite the Poet, so be bit,
 Thus whilst you show good Nature, show your Wit,
 Alike with you the Author's Sense they bear,
 Alike with you, who did not see, nor hear.
 The modest Fop daubs his nice Nose with Snuff,
 Damn me, then crys, 'tis wretched, wretched stuff.
 Glance on such Fops with a disdainful Eye,
 And let a fleering Smile give such proude Fools the
 (Lye.

The Curtain fall'n, press to the Charmer's side,
 And claim her Hand, nor be at last deny'd.
 Entreat her oft, nor give entreaties o're,
 And Vow you will conduct her to her Door.
 Force is but weak, Intreaty has the Odds.
 Tho' we can't force, we may intreat the Gods.
 Thro' tedious importunity She moves,
 She can't deny the pressing Youth She loves.
 Enter her House, your fond Address renew,
 And Vow you was, and ever will be true.

The

The Charmer now at a cold distant stands,
 And you must quit her from your clasping Hands.
 The kinder warmth your Courtship shall impart,
 She seems more Cold, more Frozen in her Heart.
 Feign all the Lover, all the Hero feign,
 And in your Looks transported Passion reign.
 In different Strains *Both* with dissembling move,
 She feigning Anger, and you feigning Love.
 With your drawn Sword, rush with a hasty Vow,
 And now just striking, She prevents you now.
 Fast to your Arms the frightened Maid shall flee,
 And cry, so striking you had wounded me.
 Now to the utmost pitch your Flames must rise,
 Now She's your own, clasp fast the lovely prize.
 Great is your fondness, nor shall her's be less.
 She gives you Kifs for Kifs, and Presss for Presss.
 Whilst mutual Love flows strong with mutal Pow'rs,
 Her Hand, her Heart, her Life, her Soul are yours.

Observe my Rules, drawn from experienc'd skill,
Still tho' you Conquer; Conquer yielding still.
Go on triumphant so, and Triumph,—at your Will.

Crown me, each Love-sick Youth, each Love sick
 (Maid

Your mutual Flame, as my Reward, be paid.

Whisper each other, in your Bridals blest,

Thus far Art taught—*Let Nature teach the rest.*

F I N I S.

THE
A R T
O F
L O V E:

The Second Book.

Dedicated to the LADIES.

A
P O E M.

The Second Edition Enlarged.

By Mr. Charles Hopkins.

*Hoc mihi, si quando ; puer et Cytharea, favete :
Nunc Erato ; nam tu Nomen amoris habes.*

L O N D O N: Printed for R. Wellington, at
the Dolphin and Crown at the West end of St.
Paul's Church-yard, 1704.

ART

OF

POETRY

AN
AR
AN

(1)

THE
ART of LOVE,

THE
SECOND BOOK.

ARm'd at all Points, Men to Field are gone,
Now, *Venus*, fight the Battle of thy Son.

Affist me *Beauty*, for *thy* Fame I Write,
Art shall teach Charming Nature to delight,
And thou shalt gain the Trophies of the Fight.

B

To

To you the secrets of that Art i'll show,
 Nor leave you Naked to so fierce a Foe ;
 I'll teach you all, you shall know all my skill,
 And Men shall Love, while you shall smile and kill.

The Arms.

Y Et Female Warriours, hast, to Arms, to Arms,
 Put on your Smiles, your Glances, and your
 (Charms
 Paint, Patches, Pins, and all the little rest,
 Which must be done e'er Beauty can be drest,
 Flames in your Eyes, and Coldness in your Breast.
 Put on a modest mildness with your dress,
 Put on those somethings which I can't express.

Let all with Artful negligence be done,
 Put every Charm, put the whole Woman on.
 Then softly sweet let *Cupid's* Trumpet sound,
 Let Flags of streaming Ribbons wave around,
 And with a Heart be every standard Crown'd.
 Each bearded Arrow bears a Bleeding Heart;
 For *Cupid's* Standard is a Golden Dart.

Let a soft Blush, the Ensign, be display'd,
 The Charming Ensign of the Charming Maid
 Thus Arm'd, ye *Amazons*, insult the Field,
 Sighs be your Swords, and silence be your shield;

*Trust to my skill, in spite of Precepts past,
 And you shall Conquer, tho' to yield at last,*

Believe me Maids, who never yet deceiv'd,
 Thro' me, none e're repented she believ'd,
 Int'rest in Love draws on a Cloud of Woes,
 For Love and Int'rest are eternal Foes.

No fatal Rules my Numbers shall unfold
 For those mean things, who sell themselves for Gold
 In Spheres, more bright my richer Precepts move,
 My Song's compos'd of Beauty and of Love.

Woman the Dissemblers.

SHall Waves be bid to Roll, when Tempests roar ?
 Shall Calms succeed, when the loud Storm Blow
 (ore ?)

hall Poets live Dejected, Proud, and Poor ?

Shall Ice be Cold ? Shall Fire be bid to Burn ?

Shall Darknefs vanish at the Sun's return ?

Shall *Silvius* Love, and shall *Amasia* Scorn ?

Shall

Shall I teach Misers to embrace their store?

Shall they teach me bright Beauty to adore?

Shall I bid Gods, who are Immortal, Live?

Shall I bid Women, all deceit, deceive?

Women and Kings alike their sway maintain,

And by dissembling what they feel, they Reign.

Blameless, your Sex does in this art excel?

'Tis no deceit, if you deceive us well.

Dissemble on, Shoot your devices far,

Be every Charm, yet be but what you are.

Be all, that Man, unfinning would adore.

Be Woman—Woman! can a Name be more?

You are of those whom all the World admire,

The Hearts of Mortals, and of Gods you Fire.

Men, to be Blest, retire to Shades with you,

And when you please we grow Immortal too.

(6)

In Beauteous Spheres, more bright than ours, you
(move,

You give us Paradise, in giving Love.

For you, bright Maids, I draw my conqu'ring
(Pen,

To fix your Empire ore presuming Men.

The

The Prostrate.

L Oe ! there, before you Feet the Victim
 (lyes,
 Whilst Vict'ry laughs within your smiling
 (Eyes;

See how the Prostrate Captive, Sighs, and Dies.

Believe him not, he's Man, and will deceive;

What have I said? Ye Maids, believe, believe.

All are not false, tho' the sincere be few,

At least, *Amasia* knows her *Silvius* true.

But my *Amasia* has my suit deny'd,

And none can e're deceive, who is not try'd.

But Oh ! that Charmer does such Charms improve,
That 'tis impossible I should not Love.

Could I but show you how *Amasia* Charms,

There were no need of Amor'us Arts and Arms,

She's all ore Charm, all Ravishing in Youth,

She's Love it self, She's Beauty and She's Truth.

But Oh ! She must not all your Actions guide,

She's all o're Woman too, all over Pride.

I teach you how to make the Lover Burn,

I teach you Love, but *Nature* teaches Scorn.

Trust to my skill, in spite of precepts past,

I'll teach you conquest, so you yield at last.

Turn there, the Swain do's on his Knees implore,

He only begs permission to adore,

Begs you would but believe, and hopes no more.

O treach'rous Man ! Who can so falsely press,

He hope no more ! O no, he doubts no less.

Believe

Believe him not, command him to forbear,
 He must not speak, protest you will not hear.
 Check each attempt he makes to prove his Flame,
 Yet still new hints for new addresses frame.
 Seem all surprize, all Coyness, all a Frown,
 Then let your Eyes shed soft compassion down.
 He hopes and fears, he Freezes and he Burns,
 And still protests, when e're the Fit returns.
 Let him not Kneel, but as his Fires rage on,
 Say he must Rise, or you must else be gone.
 Divert the talk, forbid him to adore,
 But so forbid as to engage him more.
 Farewell, at length the parting Lover cries;
 Bid him farewell, but with relenting Eyes.

He goes but to return; why let him go;

He's yours——or if you please he may be so,

Attire.

Attire.

Consult your Glafs what Garments to put on,
 The Man's retir'd, but not the Lover gone.
 Take counsel what attire becomes you best,
 And with a Charming negligence be drest.
 If negligence becomes not your Attire,
 Then in the Pride of Pompous Garments Fire.
 Shew your Fair Neck, your tempting Bosom bare,
 And let Gemms deck your Ornamental Hair.
 Retir'd, unseen, the lovely Warriours Arm,
 When drest, at once with new surprize you Charm
 As Lightning, Flashing fast from Pole to Pole,
 Strikes quick the Eye, so Beauty strikes the Soul.

With

With glancing Light, the subtil Flashes fly,

Yet are they temper'd in the gloomy Sky.

We know not whence they Issue, but we know,

We must admire whatever strikes us so.

You may in splendid Theaters behold,

The guilded Columns show like massy Gold.

The Men, who act for Bread, talk loud, grow vain,

And three big Hours of empty greatness reign.

Yet till this Pomp of folly be prepar'd,

The longing Guests are of all view debar'd.

N

Love's

Love's Warefare.

Now ye are Arm'd, ye Charming Maids, repair,
To Beauty's Camps, and Fight, and Conquer
(there.

In martial Fields the bold successful prove ;
You must seem tim'rous, to succeed in Love.
~~Beauty, as cowardize, sometimes prevails ;~~
False flights oft conquer, when true courage fails.
Let Looks and Smiles in subtil ambush ly,
Seem always Flying, yet scarce ever Fly.

Sing

Sing, Dance, be Airey, put on all your Aires,
 Your easy Mirth shall cause the Lovers cares.

Thus shall you give those Wounds your Eyes ne're
 (meant ;

The Bow of *Cupid* never stands unbent.

The random Arrow, strikes with more surprize,

More force, when Wing'd with negligence it flies.

When on the Rock *Andromeda* was bound,

She waited Death, yet there her Lover found,

Wounding him first, who did the Monster wound.

Modest

Modest Pride.

S Seem Proud, yet humble too ; let never Pride,
 Shown in the silent Face, the softness hide.
 To Minds too haughty Love has seldom bow'd,
 Be near at distance, modestly be Proud.

*Trust to my skill, in spite of precepts past,
 And you shall conquer, tho' to yield at last.*

Sometimes, soft things in Tragedies rehearse,
 And make the Poet happy in his Verse.
 Smiling sometimes, in whispering accents bear
 Some Trifling saying, to some Neighb'ring fair,

The Lover than, unknowing what you said,
Smiles too, and fancies some fine Jest was made.

You, from your own impertinencies know,
He makes the Jest, when e're he fancies so.

Read Poetry, the mighty *Dryden* Read,

Let *Congreve* next, and *Wicherly* succeed.

Read *Cowley* Living still, Read *Otway*, *Lee*,

Read Elder *Hopkins*, with those lofty three,

And if you please, at leisure Hours,—Read me.

}

The Muses works may shorten tedious Days,

And when the Evening calls, repair to Plays.

Retir'd at home, be oft, and oft deny'd,

And let indifference act the part of Pride.

The easy grant the price of bliss destroys,

Man ever least esteems what he enjoys.

Repulse sometimes makes Love more fierce re-
(bound,

As Balls rise highest struck on Stony Ground.

Let

Let the fond Lover, curse the cruel Door,
Do humbly much, but in his threats much more,
The taste of bitter things can Sweets renew ;
Winds sink that Ship sometimes, by which it flew,

The

The Visit.

R Eceive the Visit, which the Youth shall make;
Be seen, as if by chance, or by mistake.

Play with your Fan, call for your Coach, your Chair,
Be just going out to take the Air.

Pretend some Visits, which must needs be made,
And his you can't receive, till those be paid.

Business pretend, or Sickness, seem in haste,
Have many things to do ; some Minutes past,
Tis late you know, you may do none at last.

C

You

You think the Weather dull, 'tis Cold, if not,
 But you would change it spite of Heaven, — 'tis
 (hot.
 Say any thing impertinence can move,
 Enquire the news ; he answers you, 'tis Love.
 Hear all he says, sit in some distant place,
 While his Eyes fasten on your Charming Face.

Silence.

Silence.

Altho' you hear, seem not at all to heed,
So while you wound him, he shall inward
(Bleed.

Thus while you muse, the Youth shall softly press,
Nearer, and nearer to a close address.

Whilst in your Thoughts you seem your self to lose
You find your Lover there, who tells his News ;
On weightier things, your solid Mind was bent,
You hear'd not what he said, you knew not what he
(meant,

Let him talk on, and ask, and answer too,
 He need not hope to have a word from you.
 Yet you may smile, when next you hear him speak,
 And let some tune in thoughtless accents break.
 Now, you may Sigh, as he approaches near,
 Now shall he press, now shall you cry, forbear,
 You Frown, he Loves, you Laugh, and he shall Swear.
 O Love ! O Folly ! O dissembling Maid !
 O Man ! whose Strength by Weakness is betray'd,
 Caught in those Nets for subtil Women laid.

*Trust to my skill, in spite of preecepts past,
 And you shall Conquer, but to yield at last.*

He asks you now, what 'tis employs your thought
 And wonders what has such deep silence wrought.

inward he struggles, not resolv'd by you.

Longing to know, yet he grows silent too ;

With Burning Pains, now makes his Passion known,

Rack'd with your silence long, and with his own.

He Loves, he Loves, again, again he cries,

Consults you oft, but you make no replies.

The Answer.

When grown by tedious repetition dull,
Thus at the last, you answer him in full.
What is this strange request which you have made ?
What is it Sir, I know not what you said ?
O Blest Diffimulation of the Sex !
Who can Mankind by carelessness perplex,
O Glorious Sense, of Ignorance in shew !
Which makes *us* Fools, while *you* act Folly so.

O happy Art of Nature! Which can wind,
 And turn ten Thousand ways the changing Mind.
 Your folly thus, Man's Wisdom can confound,
 And cast his baffled Eyes and Senses on the Ground.
 Happy that Wit, which is in silence shown.
 More than in all the works of Poets known.
Amasia thus receiv'd her Lover's suit,
 Thus did her silence my weak words confute,
 And when she spoke, all Sense,---but Love was mute.
 Even Love it self by silence was exprest,
 I only Vow'd I Lov'd, and look'd the rest.
 Against himself his Foes the Poet Arms,
 Like Beauty seen, silence in Beauty Charms.

Beauty's describ'd only by being seen,
And silence speaks, lodg'd in the Beaute ous Mien.
When importunity at last prevails,
The charming turn of answers never fails ;
When forc'd to answer thousand Queries past,
You can reply with questions at the last.

The Penalty.

WELL, 'tis suppo'd you have confest you hear'd,
Let now the Lover be of speech debarr'd.

Lock up his Lips, lock up thy injur'd Ear,
He has said things a Virgin should not hear.

He must be silent you must else remove;

For he grew Impudent and talk'd of Love.

The Youth stands Speechless, nor dares think of
(Bliss,

His Lips are Seal'd, but Seal'd without a Kiss.

Trust

*Trust to my skill, in spite of Precepts past,
And you shall Conquer, tho' to yield at last.*

The Lover now believes his Passion curst,
And he will speak, for he has felt the worst.
His fears now urge him most, when most they away ;
As Cowards from despair can Courage draw.
Use him like Cowards, all his rage controul,
And wound him, wound the Rebel to the Soul.
Tell him, himself alone he must deceive,
For 'tis Impossible you should believe.
Tis time to Visit now, you must not stay.
• Send him once more with kinder looks away.

*He goes but to return? why, let him go ;
He's yours,—or of you please, he may be so.*

Departments.

Deportment.

THe Day grows fair, your Coach, or Chair may
(wait,

And you may walk, if graceful in your Gate.

See how R——b displays her stately Mind,

How, in the Pride of Steps, the haughty Wind

Swells her loose Robes before her, and behind.

I——n there, trips nimbly o'er the Park.

As if she feared to disappoint some spark.

C——l demurely on the Ground does look,

As if she measur'd every Step she took.

That

That hasty *H*—there walks, as if she ran,
And whisks her Eyes, and brandishes her Fan.

The Tall Walk slowly, others Walk apace,
Each movement, every gesture has its grace,
Men are not always Charm'd with but a Face.

Consult that Gate, which suits your Stature best,
Walk but to please your self, nor doubt the rest.

Humour.

Humour.

YOU who have change of Garments changes wear
And Daily deck in various forms you Hair.

Change too your Humours as your Dress your change,
The *Lyon* always does not furious Range:

Let your mild Air sometimes compassion move,
Sometimes disdain, yet ever mingling Love.

Now Pleas'd, now Vex'd, now Aiery, and then Sad,
Now very thoughtful, and now very Mad.

A thousand Humours move a thousand ways,
For most of all, Variety must please.

The

The Charmer.

A *Mafia* thus could every Passion wear,
 She wore all Charms in her expressive Air,
 But Love—fond Love, alas! was never there,
 Her every Passion did my sense controul,
 But Love alone possess her Lover's Soul.
 Love and Despair in me one Passion grew,
 I ne'er knew Love but when Despair I knew,
 She Smil'd,—yet while that Sunshine was display'd
 Despairing Love gloom'd in a thicker Shade.
 She Smil'd—and strait my hopes like Phantoms flee.
 For Oh ! she never, never Smil'd on me.

Smiles

Smiles.

Smile Charming Beauty, change from Smiles to
(Smiles,

A thousand Glories Gild the tempting Wiles,

Smile on, Aerial Beauties we shall Trace,

While Paradise fits Blooming in your Face.

Whilst Charms thus Lovely all your Features Crown,

Thus whilst you Smile, Ah! Who can bid you
(Frown?

Frowns.

Frowns.

THe Sun's o're cast, the fullen gloom's display'd,
Awfull she Frowns, behold the Frowning Maid.
Jove dwells not ever in the Skies serene.

But Storms sometimes in a Tempestuous scene.

The Light'nings first Flash from the shining Cloud,
But as the Light'nings fly, Heaven Thunders loud.

Tempests at Sea serve to endear the Shore ;

If Gods ne'er Thunder'd, Men would scarce adore.

But

But now, 'tis time your fury were appeas'd,
 The Youth shall offer incense, You be pleas'd.
 In Tears he comes to pacify your Rage,
 And falling Show'rs ev'n Thunder can allwage.

Belief.

See how he Weeps, I know the Youth sincere }
 He Loves, he Vows, and offers up his Prayer, }
 He's True ; believe him True, as you are Fair.
 He begs you would his Racking Pains relieve,
 Believe—how can it hurt you to believe ?

'Tis no uncommon, no new Suit he moves,
 He only begs you would believe he Loves.

D

Grant

Grant the request he does so oft implore,
 But let him know, he must expect no more.
 Inwards he's Ravish'd that you think him true,
 The Coast of Love he does more swift pursue ;
 For still one Grant prepares the way for New.
 Mow fresh desires spread full his Passion's Sails,
 He Sighs, and Steers his Passage thro' the Gales.

*Trust to my skill, in spite of Precepts past,
 And you shall Conquer, tho' to yield at last.*

If you are full convinc'd he does not feign,
 If the Youth Loves, he should be Lov'd again.
 A thousand, thousand ways there are to try,
 One word implies them all and that's Deny.
 Grant, or Deniall, in succession, Burns,
 Like the twin Stars, that mount the Skies by
 (turns :

Grants

Grants and Denials the amour improve,
 Whatever Star shall Shine, the Youth shall Love,
 Tho' your last Breath own'd you believ'd his Vow,
 Yet, now he Vows again, deny it now,
 Till he such protestations shall renew,
 That he must Damn himself, who is untrue.

Favours.

Permit him now, sometimes your Hands to press,
 And Sigh, but seldom, and in warm address.
 Yet While his presses rise too fierce, too fast,
 Withdraw your Hands, those favours must not last.
 Seem serious now, while now you hear him Court,
 That he may know, you make not Love your Sport.

Attend, and Answer every thing he says,
Such soft attention must the Lover please.

Whilst now more fierce, more Passionate he
(Wooes,

He Love's, Believe, seem Sorry that he does.

Seem much concern'd to see the Lover Burn,

Seem much concern'd you can't his Love Return.

Let your Eyes kindly with compassion move,

Yet say you hate the Sex, and cannot Love.

'Tis your aversion, Monst'rous! Love a Man!

Say, vow you cannot, when you know you can.

He leaves you now, half desp'rate as before,

Bids you farewell; but Vows he must adore.

He goes but to return; why let him go,

He's yours,—Or if you please he may be so.

Letters.

HE Writes, perhaps, peruse what he has
(Writ,

And if the bearer waits, extoll his Wit.

Says, 'tis above your reach, and you implore,

That he would Write, you know not what, no more.

Give your cold Service, and the Note return,

Or if some Fire be near, the Letter Burn.

Say, it requires no Answer, so remove ;

For Maids should never Answer Notes of Love :

Trust me, 'tis dang'rous ; for if Virgins Write,

They lose the noblest Trophies of the Fight.

Some

Some Men boast Favours, which they never knew,
 Yet some are secret still, tho' very few,
 For Men feel vanity—as much as you,
 Those Maids, whose Sparks, their Loving Notes ex-
 (pose

✓ The ills they find in Writing can disclose.

Write not, tho' most in Letters you excell,
 Write not to show your Lover you Write well,
 No, be not tempted, tho' you know to Spell,

Write not, no never, never Write to Men,
 We cannot take denyals from your Pen,
 'Tis ours to Write, and Write, and Write again.
 Silence in you, shall all our thoughts deceive,
 You make reply sufficient, to receive.

Distance.

THe Youth returns, your Silence makes him come.
From your dear Lips he must receive his doom.
Receive him coyly, ask him what he meant,
By the unwelcom compliment he sent,
Seem more and more reserv'd, and for a while,
Till he protests and vows you must not Smile.
Keep him at distance, while he talks of Love,
Nor let his Hands around your Bosom Rove ;
Thus shall you raise more Passion in his Mind,
As Flames rage highest, when a while confin'd.
He calls you cruel, most unhumane now,
Who will no favours for such Love allow.

Kindness.

Kindness.

When to the last excess of Fondness grown,
He longs for all, will you afford him none?
Yes, grant a little, now a little more
And yet a little greater than before,
Heaven must be giving still, if Men adore.

Life of Love.

YET here be cautious, favour not too fast,
Give not too much, yet give your self at last.
Love should have mod'rate fuel, 'tis like Fires,
Which too much, damps; yet slighted, it expires.
All have not Souls deserving Virgin Flame,
Some vainly think all Women are the same.
Keep still your favours now, let none be lost,
And give so little, that no Youth may boast.

Men are but Men, Maids are but mortal too,
Give and Refuse, thus you grow ever new.

Else will the Youth, continu'd fondness flee ;
For every Lover does not Love like me.

What Flames had I for my *Amasia* Born,
Had she been kind, when I so Lov'd her Scorn.
Beauty like her's, whole Ages might deny,
When Men pursue like me, Maids ever fly.

But Oh! no Man like *Sylvius* can adore,

No Woman like *Amasia* Charm——

No Woman—(Maids forgive me) she was more.

Consent.

Consent.

Consent at last, and send the Youth away,
Let him go now, that he may ever stay.

The Advice.

HE goes but to return ; why let him go,
He's yours,—but be advis'd, and make him so.

Trust to my Skill, observe my precepts past,
And as you now have Conquer'd, Yield at last.

Both Men and Maids, Fighting in Cupid's Field,
Both Men and Maids, if you would Conquer, Yield.

The

The Conclusion.

BOth Men and Maids, whilst in your Bridals
(Blest,
This, my reward, be for a truth confest,
Art has done all can be by Art exprest.

F I N I S.

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